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DINOSAUR NATIONAL MONUMENT—Page Nineteen

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Let me say here that, great as their utilitarian purposes might be, the lakes and waters of national parks must not be touched or altered for business or profit. The American people are practically of one mind on that question. There must be no commercialism of the park waters!—

Former U. S. Representative from Wyoming, CHARLES E. WINTER.



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guarding America's heritage of scenic wilderness

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DEVEREUX BUTCHER, Editor

January-March 1952

CONTENTS

Vol. 26, No. 108

THE COVER: Dinosaur's Steamboat Rock	<i>Devereux Butcher</i>
IN THE 'GLADES PARK WITH THE AUDUBON SOCIETY	<i>Philip Wylie</i> 3
SUMMER SNOW-VENTURING IN GLACIER	<i>Robert Baker Elder</i> 8
"MONTEZUMA—YOUR AREA NEXT?"—Guest Editorial	<i>H. Everest Clements</i> 12
ACADIA'S ISLE AU HAUT AREA	<i>Elizabeth B. Eustis</i> 14
THE 1951 FOREST FIRE RECORD	<i>L. F. Cook</i> 18
THE MENACED DINOSAUR MONUMENT	<i>Arthur H. Carhart</i> 19
ZERO HOUR APPROACHES FOR CALAVERAS SOUTH GROVE	<i>Newton B. Drury</i> 31
PROPOSED ITALIAN PARK FOR PROTECTION OF BEARS	34
CONRAD L. WIRTH BECOMES PARKS DIRECTOR	35
NOW IT'S 1840 MINTWOOD PLACE	36
THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF	43
THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION, Board of Trustees	48
WHY THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION	Inside back cover

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, formerly National Parks Bulletin, has been published since 1919 by the National Parks Association. It presents articles of importance and of general interest relating to the national parks and monuments, and is issued quarterly for members of the Association and for others who are interested in the preservation of our national parks and monuments as well as in maintaining national park standards, and in helping to preserve wilderness. (See inside back cover.) School or library subscription \$2 a year.

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Allan D. Cruickshank from National Audubon Society

**Gleaming in the tropical sunshine, the American egret
is a living symbol of Everglades National Park.**

In the 'Glades Park With the Audubon Society

By PHILIP WYLIE

THE part played by the National Audubon Society first in saving and then in helping to secure a great section of the Florida Everglades as America's newest national park must, by now, be known to everybody. It began with women's hats. It's a story that includes the giving of a life for the protection of nature—murder and heroism. And it's a story with a happy ending.

The happy ending started to appear when Florida's plume hunters were first regulated by law and finally forced by policing to stop illicit hunting—when, in short, the near-extinct egret began to increase its numbers. Most women, when they realized their passion for egret feathers was wiping out a magnificent bird, changed fashion to lower the market for such plumes. But the hunt went on for a good long time. Fashion and law notwithstanding. At least one 'glades warden was shot and killed by an illegal hunter. The alligators, too, nearly met the same fate for a similar reason; their hides were valuable. But the tale of the Everglades did not become a truly satisfying one until the announcement that an extensive section of it would be preserved and protected forever, as a national park.

Your Association is most indebted to the noted writer, Philip Wylie, for so kindly contributing this thrilling article on the Everglades National Park. Your editor is glad to affirm that all Mr. Wylie says of the park and the National Audubon Society's tours into it is true. It is a grand experience to join one of those trips, and it is the ideal way to see the park. We are especially pleased to be able to publish the article at this time, so that Association members going to Florida this winter, will have the opportunity to join one of the tours. Write first for a schedule of trips, then make your reservation. The address is National Audubon Society, 13 McAllister Arcade, Miami, Florida.

The final boundary of the park is not yet fixed; it is hoped to add much more land to its present million-acre reach. It lies to the south of the famous "Tamiami Trail"—the highway from Miami to the west coast (and Tampa)—the only road that crosses the vast region. The park area includes Cape Sable—a Never-Never Land as weird as the moon's face—and Paradise Key, an inland "hammock" which has long been patronized by naturalists and is now a residence for park rangers.

Anybody can drive down to Paradise Key on a good road leading south and west from Homestead, Florida, to Cape Sable—good, that is, except during floodtimes. Anybody can and will be gladly taken by park guides on a tour of the key where examples of the flora of the Everglades can be studied—and on a walk out on Anhinga Trail, which is probably the most dramatic, short walk of its kind in the world.

Anhinga Trail is nothing more than a wooden pier some 200 feet long which begins at the roadside and leads to a small gazebo-like observation platform, roofed over against the hot sun. Yet, in 200 feet, the visitor goes from the civilized pavement of the highway through swale and underbrush into the middle of a typical Everglades slough.

It is part lake or pond, part swamp. It isn't deep. Great lilies and other water plants grow in it. Around its irregular margins stand trees of the area, live oaks, gumbo limbos, mahogany, poison wood, tamarinds, and others. Sawgrass (the tall "main crop" of the Everglades) grows in the estuaries of the slough. On every side, this tropical welter of vegetation closes in—so the visitor finds himself shut off from the

world he knows, and as if transported to a new world seen by very few.

The wildlife which inhabits this slough has become accustomed to the daily parade of sightseers. So the birds and the animals along Anhinga Trail carry on their activities as they have conducted them for hundreds of thousands of years. In fact, by walking out to the "pergola" at the end of the pier, a person can get the sensation that he has somehow turned time backwards by geologic eons and is looking at a dawn-age world. Great 'gators doze on muddy banks. Big gars, fish actually unchanged since pre-mammalian days, lie in schools at the observer's feet. Occasionally, there is a splash and boil as some creature takes a meal of fish; then quiet descends again, the sun-baked, rich quietude of the world before man lived in it.

Water snakes move through the grass or lie, coiled and dry, in the bushes. Moccasins occasionally appear. It is this sight of reptiles, of ganoid fish and saurians, along with the lush vegetation, that gives the sense of the Jurassic Age to the beholder. True, there are no pterodactyls in the trees. But

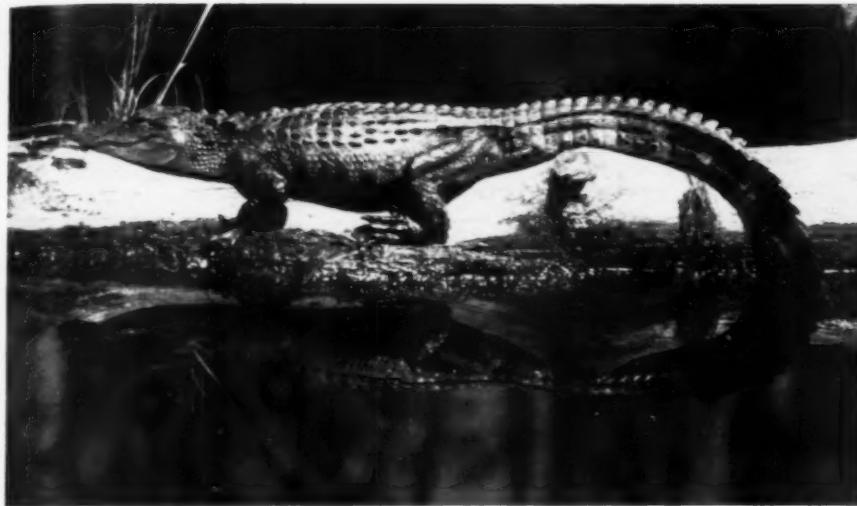
there are water turkeys, which are odd enough (these are the "anhingas" for which the "trail" is named). There are wood ibises, coasting overhead on their vast black and white wings. Egrets, to be sure—all kinds. Coots, ducks and limpkins. In season, flocks of assorted warblers; migratory birds of fifty sorts; and of course, herons—for this is such country as was made for their interminably patient standing: the great Ward's, the Louisiana, the little blue, the green and others.

But enough of listing! The description of birds that may be seen from that one small platform would crowd a page. It is the *human* sensation of "time-reversed" which fascinates me—and I emphasize it because I have heard nearly everybody who has taken the walk say the same thing about it. Somewhere inside all of us, I suspect, is an instinct—an ageless and subconscious memory—of the time when we were perhaps less than men, but when we, too, dozed and dreamed away millions of years on the banks of just such steamy jungle pools. Consciously, we regard our evolution as a time of fury, of tooth and claw, of pain and

Hammocks, little islands of jungle, dot the Everglades watery, grassy spaces.

National Parks Association





Allan D. Cruickshank from NAS

It is this sight of sourians, large birds and lush vegetation that gives the sense of the Jurassic Age.

cruelty. But unconsciously we must realize that it was, whatever its exigencies of eating and fighting, *mainly* a time of bland peace and mutual tolerance, of basking and placid delight, of live and let live, of primitive *love*.

So it is, I think, in this vivid sample of the Everglades, the purple gallinules which provide a final link to the imagination. These rare painted birds come walking toward all visitors, across the lily pads. Indeed, they became so tame, owing to the fact that tourists kept tossing them the crumbs of sandwiches, that the park rangers had to catch a few of them and ruffle their feathers to make the birds realize that not every human being might act with friendliness; for the rangers rightly feared that sooner or later someone might steal wild birds at once so tame, so valuable and so magnificent. When the visitor to Anhinga Trail has taken in the primordial flora and the hot sunshine, seen the 'gators and the gars, looked at the wading birds and finally watched the unfrightened approach of the gallinules, then, I think, some venerable

memory is awakened and he suddenly experiences, here in the heart of the Everglades, something that has existed in his very genes for as many millions of years as there has been such land.

And this, as I say, is not the usual, conscious notion of evolution, which appalls and frightens people; it is a different, reassuring thing, a psychological adventure as extraordinary as may be had on the planet.

Anyone, I have said, can participate in such experiences by driving in his car down to Paradise Key.

But there are two other trips in the park conducted by the Audubon Society which, for the novice naturalist or for the professional, are even *more* fabulous. These trips, two among others conducted in South Florida by the Audubon Society, take only a day for one and two for the other. What journeys! The former includes the 200-foot adventure on Anhinga Trail.

It begins, prosaically enough, on one of Miami's main streets where the day's trav-

elers are loaded into a comfortable station wagon, early, but not too early, in the morning. Each passenger (reservations beforehand are necessary) is handed a card and a pencil as the car starts out of the city. The passengers are introduced, of course, to their guide and driver who, for some years, has been Charles Brookfield, an Audubon official, a Lieutenant Commander in the Coast Guard Reserve, an ornithologist, author, treasure hunter, Florida explorer and pioneer—a lean and handsome man who knows as much as anyone about South Florida and the Everglades, the park and its inhabitants, the geology of the area, the brilliant surrounding sea, and other items too many to mention. But they are of such variety that, in half a dozen journeys to various strange places with "Charlie" and the co-passengers of Audubon trips, Mrs. Wylie and I have been able to stump him with questions *only twice!* Once we found a plant he didn't know the name of and once we observed a fish that neither he nor I (and I'm a fisherman) could identify.

The passengers are next introduced to the Audubon Society's favorite activity which is, of course, bird-spotting. The cards they have been given have a printed list of more than a hundred birds, at least half of which they may expect to see on any given trip. Opposite the name of each bird is a space for a check-mark. And the "game" is to see who identifies the largest number of birds. Twenty or thirty species may be seen before the limits of civilization are left behind. Anhinga Walk and the surrounding 'glades country add to the list rapidly. A stop is made at the ranger station on the headwaters of Coot Bay for lunch in a modern, pleasant restaurant that seems as strange, this deep in swamp and mangrove country, as a palm tree would seem in Greenland.

After lunch, by boat, the tour proceeds into the water-maze of the Cape Sable region, where coots and ducks and other aquatic birds abound in such numbers that the mind is staggered. Only the Audubon

Society is permitted to conduct these guided tours in the area beyond Paradise Key. It is territory, furthermore, where a guide is essential for all but the most knowing, since it consists of vast salt water lakes, ponds, rivers, sloughs, bays, estuaries, canals and creeks utterly barren of landmarks. The shoreline is an endless, black, white and red mangrove jungle broken rarely by the different vegetation of higher land. Even experienced people have been temporarily lost in the area and the inexperienced have been lost more than once, forever. Today, however, with the airplane, blimp and helicopter, the "lost" are *eventually* found again—hungry, tired, mosquito-bitten, but safe. This is the heaven of water birds.

It is not possible to describe the spectacle of, say, ten thousand coots and ducks of mixed species, taking off at the same time. But the reader of these notes who is interested in birds may gain some notion of what the Audubon Society's guides can disclose on such a tour as this by the following: Mrs. Wylie and I, one afternoon, in the same space of a few minutes, observed all three teals, a hawk so rare that Peterson, the well-known ornithologist-author, has never seen it, and a pileated woodpecker. We also saw, of course, *thousands* of other birds in that same short interval—herons and egrets and ducks, Everglades kites, and so on.

Interest, on these trips, as has been hinted, is not confined to birds, though birds are the main concern of the Audubon people. On another trip we saw *five otters!* It may come as something of a surprise to some readers to learn that otters inhabit the Everglades. Raccoons, skunks and possums are common; deer are often seen and, on occasion, panthers and bobcats. Alligators are nearly always found, and sometimes a crocodile is spotted. Again, a few readers may be amazed to find out that the "croc" is a native American. We've seen big rattlesnakes too—and Florida's *adamanteus* is the biggest of the lot, larger than the famed Texas diamond-back.

The passenger on these trips learns, besides, something of the flora of the region—of its many indigenous trees and plants and those it shares with the rest of the Caribbean area. He learns, too, if he wishes, how the vast, flat basin of the Everglades was slowly formed, and something of the rock beneath it; he also learns the region is truly what Marjorie Stoneman Douglas called it in her excellent book—*The Everglades, River of Grass*—for the 'glades proper is a shallow, slow-sloping river that drains the Florida peninsula southward toward the sea—a river choked with sawgrass and dotted with both huge and tiny hammocks, rock outcrops upon which, over the ages, soil and vegetation have built up until each hammock is a separate little jungle.

There is much more to learn along related lines—knowledge, for instance, about the blunders made by early settlers who attempted, by ditching, to drain the Everglades. It was their hope thus to uncover and use the black, loamy, rich-looking soil. They found, alas, when it was drained and dried out, that the rich earth oxidized and that it burned like peat whenever fire touched it. They found, too, that it was lacking in minerals and required much fertilization. Floridians today have learned to use some of it, and they are learning that the rest must be kept water-covered. Too much drainage allows the sea to creep inland, underground, salting the well-water supplies of whole cities. And they are learning, also, to dyke off the 'glades against the years of extra-heavy rains and the floods that have swept into coastal cities in warm, sticky waves, from the "river of grass" in high water time.

Such, then, are the sorts of things that are found out from the Aububon guides, from Charles Brookfield and his confreres, even on a trip that brings the voyager back home by dinnertime—from a land so strange, so remote-seeming, so gorgeous and weird he will feel, afterward, he has been on a very long journey to a very distant place.



Allan D. Cruickshank from NAS

Spoonbills are, to my mind, amongst the most beautiful things alive.

The second Audubon tour in the national park takes two days and a night—a night spent in a comfortable motel in the Florida keys. Its first day's travel is like the day described above, with this addition: in the midwinter period and until early spring, on a lake discovered not very long ago (or, more accurately, re-discovered) is an island where the great wood ibises (and multitudes of other birds) have a rookery. The birds have laid their eggs and raised their young in the middle of that lorn lake, on that island, for thousands of years, in all likelihood. Only the Audubon Society is allowed to take people to that fantastic and hallowed spot. Few men could find it again if they'd gone there a dozen times, for the way lies across other salt lakes and through salt creeks, the entrance to which cannot be seen until the boat is upon them. The creeks meander through mangrove, water-paved jungle, closed in solidly overhead; they are, actually, water-paved, green tunnels. The last creek, furthermore, is obstructed by a heavy, locked gate and without the key to it, the sanctuarial island could not be reached.

(Continued on page 40)

Summer Snow-Venturing In Glacier

By ROBERT BAKER ELDER, Member
National Parks Association

NO ONE expects to encounter snow in midsummer. At least no one from California. So when I set out for Glacier National Park in early July, I wore light summer clothes, low shoes, and took a jacket along as a conservative measure.

But the sky-piercing Rockies of northern Montana are a long jump from the Sierra Nevadas. And it was a late season in Glacier, so everyone said. Blizzards were still sweeping the high mountains three weeks after the expected arrival of summer.

Mount Cannon and Lake McDonald—For all
I knew, the snow that whitened the summits
was nothing more than the remnant of winter.

Hileman





Hileman

The descent from Gunsight Pass to Gunsight Lake was an exhilarating journey from virgin snow fields to the world of growing things.

I knew nothing of this at the time I arrived. When I stood at the lower end of Lake McDonald and looked for the first time at the towering peaks, I felt the deep thrill that all lovers of the wild feel at the sight of nature in her grandest moods. For all I knew, the snow that whitened the summits was nothing more than a remnant of winter, an exhilarating prospect after traveling hot miles of desert.

I shall not forget the morning I set out for Gunsight Pass. A summer day, it seemed to me, the sun mounting a cloudless sky, and the earth breathing damp, warm scents. My destination was the other side of the mountains. Having crossed the Sierra several times on foot, I felt the urge to do the same in the Rockies, and I chose Glacier Park as the most spectacular part of the range to accomplish this.

I had no thought of encountering difficulty. My map showed good trails ahead. I had made casual inquiry concerning the route; and as sometimes happens, picked one who knew nothing about it. But his equally casual reply: "Oh, sure, it's an easy hike over Gunsight," was enough to assure me.

Now, as the miles fell behind, I rejoiced in the brisk ascent up a fine mountain trail. It was hot, and I stopped for a plunge in a roaring stream. Strange that within an hour after swimming, I was treading on snow! As I swung into the cirque below Sperry Chalet, the broad, white drifts lay across the trail; and before I reached the chalet, it was three feet deep on the ground and looked like Christmas. Here was an unexpected situation: snow hiding trails and blocking passes. Still I felt no qualms.

A warm sun overhead, and the peaks rising like glistening ice cones beckoned to adventure.

I spent the night at the chalet. My hostess had been there only a day or two and knew nothing of the condition of the Gunsight trail. She was not enthusiastic over my plan of continuing across the mountains; but I assured her I had advice as to the passability of the route. What troubled me most was my low shoes. Half a dozen steps, and they were full of snow and water. As I pondered over the problem, I recalled some boyhood experiences. We wrapped our shoes with barley sacks to keep them dry; and that was the solution here. So the good lady ransacked her storeroom for a pair of sacks and some cord; and I was prepared for my mountain venture.

The next morning I looked out on a world shrouded in cold grey cloud, from which all appearance of summer had vanished. It was anything but a promising sight; yet I tied the sacks firmly over my shoes, posed for a photograph by one of the ladies at the chalet, and then set out. My feet were the size of watermelons and about as graceful, but the sacks proved excellent mountaineering equipment. They kept out the snow and prevented slipping.

I plodded along, blowing steam on the cold air and wondering if this could be July. The chalet gone, I looked on a world of bewildering peaks and canyons, shrouded like Greenland in frozen white. Immediately I realized the difficulty of finding my way. Not only the trail, but the landmarks were hidden. I started up a

*All around me the forests sprang up,
and ahead rose the tremendous rock
spires that encircle Saint Mary's Lake.*

George A. Grant



slope which I hoped was the right one. It grew steeper until I was crawling on hands and knees, grasping at shrubs and snow hummocks to pull me on. I began to wonder if the ascent of the Rockies would be worth the effort. More than that, I wondered if it would be possible to find my way across.

I eventually reached a summit commanding a broad view. Here my doubts vanished. There lay the grand chain of peaks and magnificent canyons. Lake Ellen Wilson nestled in a great cleft at the foot of a perpendicular battlement and, along the north bank on a wide sweeping shelf, lay the route to Gunsight, plainly visible between two towering mountains. No trail could be seen, but the terrain was unmistakable.

I shouted with exhilaration, and went plunging into that great still world of silent, wonderful snow. It was an eerie sight, the mountain tops all lost in cloud, the mists descending and parting like curtains to give glimpses of the spectral glaciers they enclosed. Only with occasional stops to secure my footgear, which had a habit of slipping off over my toes, I made fairly good time. The discovery of faint horse tracks in the snow, traveling east and west, was cheering, for they seemed to assure me that there had been travel through the pass in both directions.

Lake Ellen Wilson was open on the sunny side, but frozen deep in the shade of the mountains. Huge ice pancakes floated on its surface. Cataracts foaming down the cliffs on my left, churned beneath the snow as I walked gingerly over. It was the stillest, lonesomest land I had ever seen. Nowhere was there a stir of life. On all sides, the giant Rockies soared, and the low clouds shut out the sky.

At the upper end of the lake, a waterfall plunged from Gunsight into a round hole in the ice. Here I got well drenched. After starting up the long, steep ascent toward the pass, I discovered the horse tracks had ceased, and it then dawned on me why they

had been going in two directions. They showed that someone had become discouraged and had turned and gone back. It was disconcerting to know the way lay untried before me; but there was a thrill in the knowledge that I was opening Gunsight for the season. I plodded up and up, over virgin snow, the views growing vaster and more inspiring, and the cold ice fields looking ever more perpendicular above. This trek, a pleasant day's jaunt in summer, was proving more of an ordeal than I had dreamed. I clung to the thought: Once through the pass it will be easy going.

Exhausted but triumphant, I staggered into the great cleft that forms the pass on the crest of the Continental Divide. Behind me the waters flowed west to the Pacific. Over the icy lip before me they dropped down a huge descend into Gunsight Lake, on their way to the Gulf of Mexico. I had ascended the Rockies to their summit, and my ambition seemed realized.

I set off confidently down the east side, expecting to reach snowline in an hour. How little I knew! Then as I rounded a turn, I faced a long smooth ice field which reached from the mountain tops almost perpendicularly a thousand feet to a precipice. Dismayed, I looked for an alternate route, but could find none. I must crawl across or go back.

I felt like a fly on a wall as I edged out onto the surface, kicking footholds with my clumsy sack-covered shoes. Each chunk of frozen snow that went skidding down the curved arc toward the cliff gave me an uncomfortable vision of what would happen should I lose my hold. Across at last, I climbed a rocky ridge only to find another snow field and another awaiting me. I began to wonder if there could be an end to them. I had been struggling through snow for nearly six hours, and the day was waning. I had to move more rapidly if I were to reach the bottom by nightfall.

I discarded caution and went skidding and leaping down the steep banks, depend-

(Continued on page 46)

GUEST EDITORIAL

"Montezuma—Your Area Next?"

By H. EVEREST CLEMENTS, Vice Chairman and Treasurer
Montezuma National Wildlife Refuge Protective Committee

THE state planners, the bulldozers and the engineers have won again. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Bureau of Land Management, without an apparent struggle and without calling on their many friends for aid, gave the New York State Thruway Authority on September 4, 1951, a right-of-way permit for its five hundred million dollar superhighway to invade and bisect the Montezuma National Wildlife Refuge near Seneca Falls, New York. Knowing full well that this small but important refuge "comprising approximately 7,500 acres in Seneca County, New York," was set up in 1938 by Executive Order (No. 7971) of President Franklin D. Roosevelt to "effectuate further the purposes of the Migratory Bird Conservation Act" and "reserved and set apart as a refuge and breeding ground for migratory birds and other wildlife," Mr. Dale E. Doty, Assistant Secretary of the Interior (acting for the Secretary, Honorable Oscar L. Chapman) rendered a decision on November 23, 1951, upholding the permit given the Thruway Authority by the two agencies of the Department of the Interior.

In the October-December 1951 issue of this magazine, a fine editorial was written by Mr. Devereux Butcher appealing for action to save the Montezuma Refuge. The efforts of many organizations representing thousands of members, including internationally known natural history institutions, and the work of hundreds of individuals failed to prevent the incursion into this sanctuary. The nine member Advisory Committee on Conservation to the Secretary of the Interior made the following recommendation: "The Committee is op-

posed to the invasion of wildlife refuges by major engineering developments, unless it has been fully demonstrated that no alternative exists and that the public and interested groups have been informed of proposed action prior to any commitment thereon. With reference to the Montezuma Refuge, the Committee recommends that no final permit be issued until the lack of a reasonable alternative is proved." Mr. John H. Baker, chairman of this advisory committee and president of the National Audubon Society, reported to the Protective Committee that the directors of the National Audubon Society at their meeting on November 13, 1951, passed, on behalf of its 20,000 members and affiliated clubs, a similar resolution. The American Ornithologists' Union at its Sixty-Ninth Stated Meeting in Montreal on October 11, 1951, went on record for its 3,000 members "that National Wildlife Refuges and other similar areas should be permanently held inviolate from any commercial or other invasion." The National Parks Association with 4,000 members, the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, Inc., with 333 clubs representing over 16,500 men and women, the Federation of New York State Bird Clubs representing over 2,000 individuals, the Emergency Conservation Committee, the Conservation Forum of New York State, were among the groups and organizations opposing the location of the Thruway.

Why did we fail? For two reasons. *First*, as near as it can be learned, the public, the sportsmen, the ornithologists, the conservationists and other protectors of nature were not specifically informed of the proposed route into the refuge by

hearings, by bulletins, by newspapers, by conservation officials and departments or in any other way. In the New York State Thruway Authority Act, Charter 143, which became a law March 21, 1950, under Section 356, Part 6, the Ontario section, the route of the Thruway is described as "crossing the Seneca River in the vicinity of May's Point, thence westerly north of the villages of Seneca Falls and Waterloo." No mention is made that May's Point is on the eastern central edge of the Montezuma Refuge and that the Thruway would therefore invade and cross the sanctuary. Apparently "we the people" are not to know too much of such plans. In this great country, it is time that such important issues, as an invasion of a national wildlife refuge, be brought into the open for full study, discussion and settlement. *Second*, when it was learned that the Montezuma wildlife area was in peril, there were too many individuals and organizations that said "It's too late" or "Look who you are opposing." Such indifference or lack of fight was regrettable. If we are to begin to protect and preserve our natural resources and American heritage, such indifference and non-participation must stop.

If state and federal conservation departments and authorities are as interested in the preservation of wildlife, refuges and wilderness areas as they lead us to believe, the invasion of the Montezuma Refuge would never have occurred. Therefore, we might ask, where do the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Department of the Interior honestly stand on these unsolved conservation problems: the status of the American Bald Eagle, our national emblem, now unprotected and slaughtered in Alaska at a bounty of \$2.00 a bird; the final action needed to save the remaining few Florida key deer; the establishment of a refuge at Cape May, New Jersey, to stop the killing of hawks and shorebirds; the wanton shooting of the Alaskan Kodiak bear and other large mammals; the near extinction of the Everglades kite in Flor-

ida; some phases of hunting by planes and in national forests and refuges; the annual slaughter of migrating hawks and eagles along the Kittatinny Ridge in Pennsylvania (only one of the eleven strategic spots is now protected and that one by the valiant efforts of a membership organization, the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association); the acquisition and establishment of New Jersey's Island Beach National Monument (The *Saturday Evening Post*, November 18, 1950); the Bureau of Reclamation's plan to build Echo Park and Split Mountain dams in the Dinosaur National Monument. These are a few nature protection problems that need prompt and decisive action. If state and federal agencies can easily violate a national wildlife refuge, as in the case of Montezuma this year, then any such area is vulnerable and can suffer a similar fate. To keep such areas for the purposes for which they were established, they should, without delay, be given federal legislative protection similar to that of national parks and monuments.

The controversy over the protection of Montezuma National Wildlife Refuge has been, perhaps, one of the most critical, yet one of the shortest in duration of time, on record. The threat to the area became public knowledge only last September, and by late November it had been settled in favor of the road-builders. Never before has a threat to a Fish and Wildlife Service area received such widespread publicity, or has there been such strong rallying to the defense of one of these areas by nature enthusiasts. The important consideration is that the Fish and Wildlife Service has discovered, with no little surprise, that it has many more friends than it believed. It knows now, for a certainty, that never again need it allow engineers or other would-be exploiters of our national wildlife refuges to ride rough-shod over the lands entrusted to its care.

At Montezuma, a lesson has been learned by many people. Your area must not be next.

Acadia's Isle au Haut Area

By ELIZABETH B. EUSTIS

AS you sail to the eastward out of Fox Island Thoroughfare into East Penobscot Bay, you see a long, high island on the horizon. It intrigues you, and you wonder about it. It is a bold wild island of mystery. You immediately wish to go and explore it for yourself.

As seen on the map, you find in shape it is like a sheepskin, its length extending north-south, with two small islands like ears close to the southern end.

In its history, this island has unique touches and features. To look back into the past, on one of his voyages in 1603 or 1604, the Sieur de Champlain makes the first mention we have of this island. He writes, "There are several islands ten or twelve leagues beyond the mainland, 44° latitude, 18° 40' longitude. Mount Desert Island made one of the points of the gulf toward the east, and the other at the west

Last summer, your editor had the pleasure of visiting the author, an Association member, and her husband, Augustus H. Eustis. The occasion was a two-day visit to Isle au Haut, where Mr. and Mrs. Eustis spend their summers. It had long been a hope that a trip to this part of Acadia National Park might be made; and when Park Superintendent Ben Hadley and Park Ranger Scarborough announced that they were going to the island and invited us to go along, we knew there was fun ahead. During most of the two days, Mr. and Mrs. Eustis and their daughter took us to the various points of interest. There are no overnight facilities for visitors on the island, except by special arrangement with the Point Lookout Club. The park staff has arranged with local residents for fire protection, but otherwise the Service has made no improvements for visitor use. A trail system is maintained by the summer residents, and a rough road loops around the island. The ideal here, we believe, is to keep Isle au Haut wild and primitive. Mrs. Eustis, at our request, has given us this description and history of the island, and this, together with the photographs that she has submitted for illustration, should help members to visualize the beautiful Isle au Haut

was a lowland called by the Indians Be-dabadee, distant from each other, nine or ten leagues; and nearly in the middle, out to sea, there is another very high and remarkable island, which for this reason I called the 'Isle Haute.' " (It is interesting to note here that in the old French of "Isle Haute" the final "e" in "Isle" was pronounced, so that the modern form of Isle au Haut is not surprising.)

Champlain, on a later voyage, anchored here for the night, and we today like to remember this, and that he and his shipmates refreshed themselves here. They found an island some six miles long and half as wide, thickly wooded, with scattered patches of grass. There were bold cliffs at the southern ends as fine as any on Mount Desert, and a long, mountainous backbone, which traversed the length of the island. On the eastern slope lay a long,

country, ten miles at sea from the mainland.

Concerning the park land on Isle au Haut, Mrs. Eustis says: "My father, the late Ernest W. Bowditch of Boston, at the time of his death in 1918, owned almost half of the acreage on the island. By his will, this land was inherited by his wife, my mother. During the latter part of her lifetime, almost all the real estate holding was incorporated into the Isle au Haut Land Company. About this same time during her tenure, when Mr. George B. Dorr and the others on Mount Desert were giving their holdings there to Acadia National Park, he [Mr. Dorr] approached my mother through Mr. Desmond Fitz Gerald and urged her to join with them and give the large holdings at Isle au Haut, too. My mother did not do so, but Mr. Dorr and Mr. Fitz Gerald said to her that, if the time should come when she should decide to part with it, they hoped she would remember the park. In 1945-46, my brother Richard L. Bowditch, my sister Dr. Sarah H. Bowditch and I, acting through the Isle au Haut Land Company, gave the greater part of the holdings to Acadia National Park." The total area on Isle au Haut that now belongs to Acadia is a little over five square miles shown in shading on the map on page 39.—Editor.



At Isle au Haut's south end, cliffs and jutting points meet the headlong rush of frothing seas.

clear lake of fresh water, the southern end of which was only two hundred yards from the sea. There were lovely coves and harbors full of fish and waterfowl protected by great ledges and rocks; and many streams. There was a gorgeous view westward across the bay to what are now called the Camden Hills. Sometime later, the highest point of the island, 556 feet, was named Mount Champlain in honor of the explorer. Tradition has it that the name of the island's most lovely harbor, "Seal Trap," was originally "Ciel Trappe."

Captain John Smith also mentioned this island in the diary of his 1614 voyage, and called it "Sorico" after the Indians he found there. This appellation remains today as the name of one of the high rocky spurs at the outer end of the island near Barred Harbor, in that portion now a part of Acadia National Park.

The Indians used to camp on Isle au Haut during the summer, as evidenced by their shell heaps and burials, going there for the fishing and the waterfowl and other wildlife, such as deer, mink, muskrat and otter. When digging for the laying of the foundation of the new town hall at the Thoroughfare Village, about 1906, an Indian was found buried in the usual sitting position.

Originally the island was included in the township of Deer Isle in Hancock County, but in 1874 it was set off in another township, together with all the islands below Merchant's Row. An interesting map was published in 1864, of Hancock County, on which the places of residence and names of those living there were given. This was later transferred to Knox County, where it now is. The population of Isle au Haut at that time was, I

believe, about 300. Since then it has declined greatly like many of the other outer islands, due in large measure to the advent of the motorboat.

It is no longer an important advantage for fishermen to live there. They can live nearer to or on the mainland, where supplies are easier to get, comforts greater, and schools better.

When I was a girl, Mr. Clarence Turner, the village postmaster, told me he remembered, when he was a small boy, seeing the Indians come in their canoes, land on what is now Point Lookout, and put up their tepees. He also used to watch from a little distance their dancing. Duck Harbor, toward the southern end of the west side, was named for the "duck-drives" which the Indians, and afterwards the settlers, made each August. In those days the feathers as well as the meat were of great value, for the feathers could be made into feather beds, and the meat salted down and stored for later use. Duck-driving was done in this way: About August the ducks and other waterfowl molt, and

are unable to fly. The Indians and settlers, knowing this, collected in canoes and small boats up the bay, near what is now Eagle Island, in a partial circle around the ducks. Then the driving began, and as they drove, the circle was narrowed, the ducks going all the way to this narrow harbor on Isle au Haut, which cut into the land about half a mile. There the ducks and other waterfowl were easily caught.

While Merchant's Island and Kimball's were settled in 1772 and 1775, Isle au Haut itself was not settled until 1792, when Peletiah Barter and his brothers Henry and William came from Boothbay. Peletiah put up a log cabin and dug a well close by the shore in what later became Thoroughfare Village. The old cellar hole is there today. The Barters were followed by other settlers, Turners, Richs, Chapins and Grants, to mention only a few.

Calvin Turner of Scituate, Massachusetts, settled on the Island in 1800, first at Seal Trap, where he set up salt works. He later moved to the head of the Pond and built a log cabin there. His son, Asa

Across picturesque Duck Harbor rises the rocky height of Duck Mountain, one of several elevations along the island's ridge.



Turner, built the early part of the frame farmhouse which still stands today, some 140 years later. He is said to have had a flock of 400 sheep.

In those early days the settlers' most important means of livelihood came from three sources—fishing, sheep raising and lumbering. There was also some subsistence farming. Scattered over the island you find old cellar holes and wells, such as the Herrick Camp and Nat's Place, relics of a larger past population and its modes of living.

The position of Isle au Haut, as a remote and outer island with good harbors, rendered it valuable for the fishing industry. For a while a lobster canning factory flourished, and lobstering has been and still is the heart of the industry. For color and intimate description of life on the island during the seventies and eighties the chapters "Isle au Haut Fishermen" and "Lobster Sloops and Tidal Bores" in *Sailing Days on the Penobscot*, by George Wasson (published by W. W. Norton Co., New York) are of real interest. The heydays of the fishing industry were in the eighties and nineties, but in the twentieth century, with the motorboat and improved communications, this industry has declined. Today, spotting by airplane, the use of radar and radiotelephoning in fishing for herring, changes in the fishing laws during the Wilson administration, which permits companies from distant places to fish anywhere, the catching of spawning fish and its use for bait, all have contributed to this decline.

In the early days, many small boats were built on Isle au Haut, and young men went to sea in coasters and stone boats, as far afield as the West Indies. One ship is said by Wasson to have gone round the Horn to California at the time of the gold rush in 1849 or 1850.

Timber was cut and shipped, but the lack of white oak made the island timber less valuable for boatbuilding. Spruce, fir, pine, tamarack, white cedar, maple and



Trails wind through the island's forests of fragrant conifers.

birch were plentiful, and the trees were felled and trimmed with the ax.

Farms, with the exception of one situated at the head of the Pond, bought from the Turners by a Mr. Henry Sproul of Bucksport, operated on a subsistence basis. The Sproul farm was one of several established as part of a speculation venture that failed.

In the late seventies, some visiting blueberry pickers are thought to have set a fire while on the island. This fire was a terrible one, and lasted six weeks. Snow and rain finally extinguished it. It burned over the whole top of Mount Champlain, even the soil, so that you could see the rocks all the way up from a long distance off. One daring inhabitant had a store on top of the mountain. After a while this was moved to the Thoroughfare, and it is now the post office. "Once burned, twice

(Continued on page 37)

THE 1951 FOREST FIRE RECORD

By L. F. COOK, Assistant Chief Forester
National Park Service

DURING 1951, forest fire conditions in areas protected by the National Park Service were characterized by extremely severe and extended drought conditions during the spring and early summer, in south Florida, and throughout the summer in the Pacific Northwest. The drought of the two previous years continued in the Southwest and California. Accompanying the lack of precipitation in these regions, including south Florida, were severe lightning storms, which added to the difficulty of fire control. Many large fires occurred. In contrast, the Rocky Mountain, lake states and eastern regions experienced relatively easy fire seasons, with frequent precipitation and few large fires.

Despite the great number of very destructive fires in the Southwest and Northwest during the year, the national park areas in these regions suffered little damage from fire, and park personnel and equipment were made available to assist other protection agencies in the control of several large fires. One of the larger fires, which covered 37,000 acres of cutover and old-growth forest and damaged more than a half-billion feet of timber, occurred very close to, but outside, the boundary of Olympic National Park, setting several quickly controlled spot-fires inside the park. Only twelve acres were burned inside the park.

In Yosemite National Park, 216 acres of forest were burned in the Wawona Dome area, mostly on privately owned land, which, it is hoped, will someday become part of the park.

Everglades National Park, under organized protection from fire for only three years, and still inadequately staffed and equipped, continued to be a major fire-problem area. Prior to the establishment of the park, large fires were common and no serious attempt was made to control them

until 1950, when the park staff demonstrated that control was possible. Such fires were presumed to have been man-caused, since lightning fires in the Everglades are unknown. intensive efforts by park personnel had greatly reduced the number and size of man-caused fires. The drought of 1950 continued into 1951. The rainy season, which normally begins in April, failed to develop and the 'glades became critically dry. A series of dry lightning storms occurred in June, and set a number of fires deep in the 'glades. Strong winds spread several of these, and before being surrounded, they had covered 39,640 acres of grass and 3347 acres of forest. In 1950, ninety-three percent of the total area burned over for the entire national park system was in Everglades National Park; in 1951 Everglades fires accounted for ninety-six percent of the total burned area.

Despite the severity of fire danger conditions due to drought, wind and highly flammable fuels, the number of lightning fires which started throughout the national park system was about normal, and these were promptly controlled without serious losses, except in the Everglades. Only 130 man-caused fires were reported as starting inside national park areas, fewer than for any previous year since 1930, except 1932, and 1944 (a war year). This comparatively small number is worthy of note in view of the more than 36,000,000 visitors to National Park Service areas during the past year. That the visitors who use park areas are not serious fire risks is amply demonstrated by this record. Fire prevention publicity sometimes gives a different impression as to who is responsible for fires. An analysis of the kind of person presumed to have been responsible for these fires, as determined by the fire boss on the fire,

(Continued on page 30)

The Menaced Dinosaur Monument

By ARTHUR H. CARHART

Photographs by Devereux Butcher

THE Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior, after eight years of planning, startled all who were interested in national parks and in protecting them, by bringing out, early in 1950, proposals to build two giant power dams in Dinosaur National Monument.*

Those believing that we should have a national park system, and that areas so set aside should not be subject to material exploitation, were further shaken by Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman's decision announced June 27, 1950, approving the Reclamation Bureau's submission of these proposals to Congress. He justified his decision on the basis that (a) these

dams would be most economical in a desert river basin, and (b) a "water project" within the monument was contemplated when the monument was established.

Hearings had been held on April 3, 1950, at which months of planning by Reclamation culminated in presentation of its arguments for these dams. Loaded with years of preparation, it was ready to shove through this scheme; while those seeking to uphold the national policy governing our great national parks and monuments, had only days in which to prepare their opposition.

Nevertheless, the Secretary was persuaded, at that time, to approve Reclamation's scheme.

Those who believe in the national park principle, recognize the sinister implications of a government agency being given clearance to wreak such changes in a national park unit. Private exploiters who, in the past, have advanced such schemes for parks

Arthur H. Carhart is recognized as a leader in conservation activities, and is known for his sixteen books and for his writings in national magazines. His latest book is the controversial *Water—Or Your Life*.

Mr. Carhart received his degree in landscape architecture and city planning from Iowa State College, and was the first in his profession to become a member of the U. S. Forest Service. Few realize that it was his studies and reports that initiated the movement to protect the Quetico-Superior wilderness.

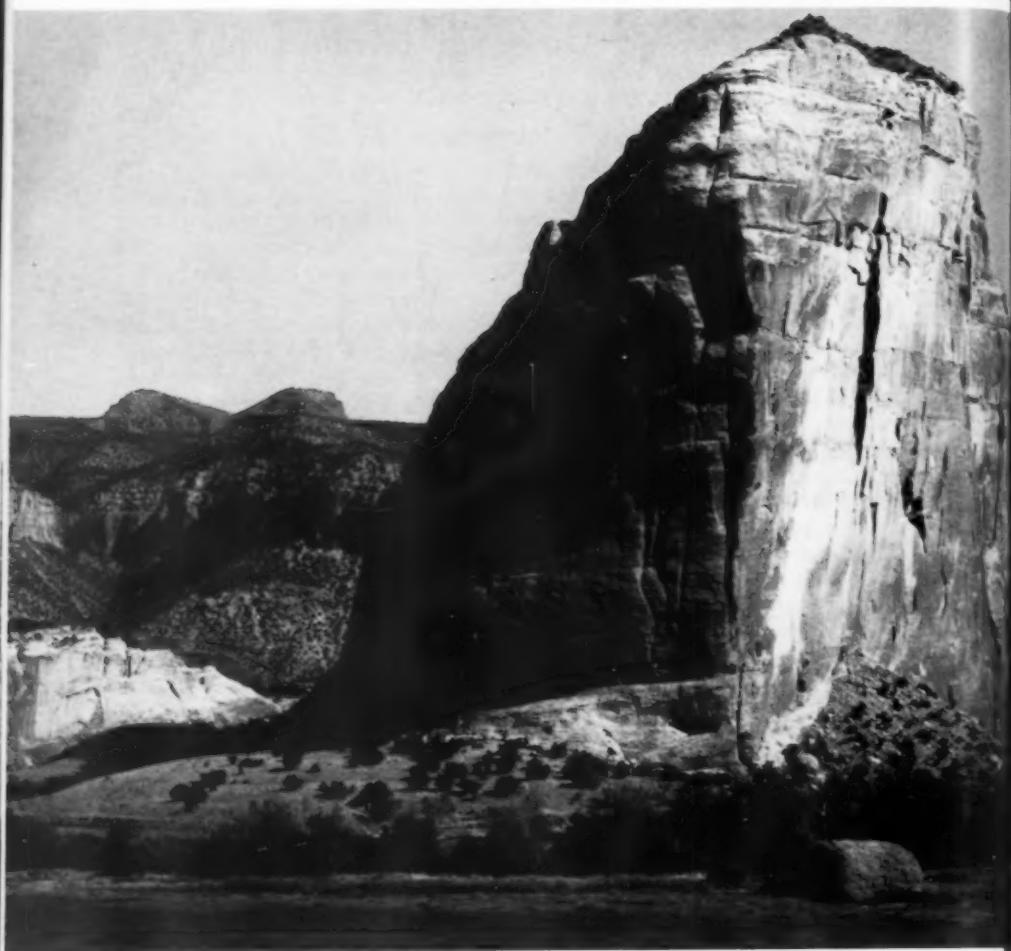
For eight years, Mr. Carhart was a member of a firm of landscape designers. He served a number of years as a member of the National Parks and Forests Committee of the American Society of Landscape Architects, with Frederick Law Olmstead as chairman; and served other years on a comparable committee of the American Institute of Park Executives, of which organization he was a Senior Fellow. For five years, he organized and directed the Federal Aid to Wildlife Restoration in Colorado.

With this background, and with recent research, study and appraisal of water resources preliminary to the writing of *Water—Or Your Life*, Mr. Carhart brings to his evaluation and report on Dinosaur National Monument a number of opinions and suggestions that, we believe, should be of unusual interest to association members.

—Editor.

* Other articles on Dinosaur National Monument that have been published in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE are: *Riding the Yampa*, by Frank M. Setzler, January-March 1943; *The Canyons of Northwestern Colorado*, by Reginald D. Gill, January-March 1949; *Grand Canyon Park and Dinosaur Monument in Danger*, by Fred M. Packard, October-December 1949; *Stop the Dinosaur Power Grab*, by Devereux Butcher, April-June 1950; *Dinosaur Monument and Mount San Jacinto*, editorial, July-September 1950; *This Is Dinosaur*, by Devereux Butcher, October-December 1950; *Alternative Sites for Dinosaur Dams*, from a report by General U. S. Grant, III, October-December 1951.

This Is Dinosaur, by Devereux Butcher, and an article from *The Living Wilderness* entitled *The Dinosaur Dam Sites Are Not Needed*, by General U. S. Grant, III, are available in a combined *Congressional Record* reprint free upon request, from the National Parks Association, 1840 Mintwood Place, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.



The 800-foot Steamboat Rock stands in the cirque of Echo Park, with the Green River, hidden by trees, winding around its base. A pickup truck at left of the haystack, gives scale.

have been beaten off. With that approval of the Cabinet member who is entrusted with protection of the national parks, a government bureau had the door opened to exploit one of the important units of the system. The threat of a government agency being allowed to ignore the safeguards that heretofore have surrounded our

parks, carries shocking implications of what may lie ahead, once such a precedent is set and the established policies overridden.

Proponents of the dams in Dinosaur contend that the proclamation establishing the enlarged monument to embrace the scenic values of that reservation as now constituted, provided for such dams and other

installations as Reclamation hopes to build there. Secretary Chapman listed this reason for approving the dams as *now* proposed. The proclamation does state that "the administration of the monument shall be subject to the Reclamation Withdrawal of October 17, 1904, for the Brown's Park Reservoir Site in connection with the Green River Project."

The Brown's Park dam site is *just within the north edge of the existing monument*. It does not involve the major scenic features of the great canyons in Dinosaur. By the exclusion of a very small part of the monument, not only the dam at this site, but the whole area of water impoundment would be outside the monument.

It seems that Reclamation, having been granted that one site, which could be utilized without damage to greater park values in Dinosaur, has presumptuously interpreted that grant to allow them to proceed, without curb, to run wild in locating dams miles from the specific site, and within the body of the monument. The two dams proposed are deep inside the monument area. Reclamation's claim in regard to the sense of the proclamation appears to be a vast distortion.

The dam supporters have declared the reservoirs would enhance the monument. Those who have made such statements lack qualification to judge potential park-use resources. Claims that the dams and reservoirs would actually increase park-use potentials have been advanced by engineers trained and interested in construction activities, by water lawyers with a limited, somewhat soggy and backward-looking legal outlook, and by boosters of commercial interests who foresee lush profits in local business during the time the dams are being built. Some of the loudest protagonists of the idea that reservoirs will increase human-use values can be suspected of having hopes of personal, pecuniary profit through use of the power from the dams in commercial exploitation.

Nobody qualified to give any judgment

as to the park values in Dinosaur has come forth with any such claims as these dam proponents have advanced. Nobody with training and background in this field of land-use planning has advanced such a thought or theory. To accept the claims of the dam proponents as to the monument's qualities, or how the intrusion of the dam-reservoir installations would benefit the area from the human, recreational-use standpoint, would be comparable to accepting the diagnosis of a carpenter in a heart ailment, and then allowing him to operate on that organ with a brace and bit, hoping that he would correct the ailment.

Among other statements regarding the scenic and recreational values of Dinosaur, and the "benefits" of flooding the canyons are these, some of which are spontaneously absurd: The building of dams, say proponents, would ensure the construction of roads into the heretofore inaccessible area.

The answer to that is obvious. One need not build a dam as a prerequisite to building a road. Furthermore, to base the building of access roads in this area on the construction of a dam or two, and have those structures destroy a large part of the very qualities which a road, without a dam, would make accessible, is a silly sort of logic.

Proponents of the dams dwell on the fact that if the canyons contained reservoirs, motor boats could putt-putt about so visitors might view scenic wonders. What the proponents fail to recognize is that the climax features of those scenic wonders would be under several hundred feet of water. This amusement-park thinking does not go on to suggest submarines or diving suits for visitors to see the submerged glories of the drowned canyons.

A fallacious argument advanced by dam proponents is that the scenic wealth of the Dinosaur area has lain there unseen, unused for years—and what is the use of such an area if it is not made usable?—with the idea that dams, reservoirs and power plants would make it usable.

The answer to this is obvious. Yellowstone, Yosemite, every national park, at one time, was inaccessible. The neglect of Congress in providing facilities for use of Dinosaur is the reason this area has not become known to millions of its citizen owners.

Parenthetically, one cannot escape the thought that in its drive to thrust dams, reservoirs and power plants into a unit of the national park system, and perhaps thus open the way to other park invasions, Reclamation has chosen to make this attack on a reservation that has not been adequately opened so tens of thousands would learn its offerings and, knowing them, would angrily protest their impairment and destruction.

The argument that Dinosaur has heretofore been of little service and, by allowing

dams there, it will be of some use, is specious. It is comparable to urging that lumber waiting to be fabricated into a home should be burned as kindling, since it is not currently assembled into a dwelling.

Scoffing in efforts to deprecate the park values that do exist there, dam proponents have been heard to say that the area is nothing much more than a "bunch of dry, sunbaked canyons surrounded by sagebrush desert." Those who have seen the area and make such a statement are not expressing their true thoughts, or else they lack appreciation of the values there.

The evaluation of park qualities and the future preservation of the nation's scenic wonders cannot be trusted to such as these. People who echo the statement that Dinosaur Monument is "sunbaked canyons sur-

The sun, topping Echo Park's rim, floods the great east face of the rock with golden light, and far away and above the park's south wall rise the flanks of Blue Mountain.



rounded by desert" without themselves having seen that area, rate no higher as appraisers and protectors of our national park wealth.

A factor which had not been revealed earlier is the interest of certain commercial organizations in a source of power in that area. From the beginning, it was apparent that some business in Vernal, Utah, the nearest town, would get lush profits during the dam construction period. It was observed that much of the vociferous support of Reclamation's plans came from groups in this community. There was apparent blindness to the long-time value of a major park nearby, as opposed to the quick-dollar money that might be garnered during dam construction.

It was difficult to reconcile any quick profits, that could be made at Vernal, with the amount of ballyhoo coming out of that town. Business, during construction time, would boom—and then bust. There may be some indication of profit-making interests above and beyond the local business during the construction period that contributed to the intensity of the Vernal propaganda, in what has recently become public knowledge.

The first intimation that "big money" was interested, came with a Vernal news report that if the Echo Park dam were built, the great Monsanto Chemical Company of St. Louis would locate a large plant in that area. By various sources, it became known that this was to be a phosphate plant and that the deposits of this important mineral were owned by the Humphreys Phosphate Company, a corporation with offices in Denver.

There have been frank statements by representatives of these corporations that they are interested in power sources in the vicinity. That is understandable and should entail no censure. The development of a phosphate deposit is laudable.

Rumors circulating at Vernal, that these corporations have poured considerable sums into lobbying for the Echo Park dam,

have been bluntly denied and countered with forthright statements by a representative of the Humphreys Phosphate Company. Dues for membership in the Vernal Chamber of Commerce, and the purchase of some photographic film used by a stockholder in the Humphreys Company are the only expenditures that might be construed as having any relation to promotion of this dam, say officials of the corporation.

Accepting these declarations at face value from sources of high integrity, there is still the factor of a large commercial development dependent on a source of power in that general area. The Vernal boosters may be influenced by the prospect of a large plant installation, and willing to trade the long-range value of an adjacent national park for a phosphate mill. Reclamation, so evidently unimpressed with park values, also may be influenced by having a large user of power ready and waiting, if their dams are built, for without a market for power it is admitted the dams could not be "justified."

All of this provides background, in reasonable degree, against which one may view what will be lost to the public if Reclamation's schemes for dams are allowed to be carried out.

Few qualified to appraise the values of Dinosaur as a major park, if existing qualities are retained, have had the opportunity to look on the varied offerings of the monument, report on these, and supply expert testimony to override the rankly amateurish statements, the subsidized propaganda, of the dam boosters regarding the park values involved.

True, there was sufficient belief this area measured up to national park standards to lead to its establishment as such a protected reservation. True also, is the fact that members of the National Park Service, well qualified to judge park values, have declared this area is of high rank in the park system. But such official presentations and representations have come from government bureau sources, and may not carry

the force of totally disinterested non-official appraisals.

Furthermore, after the Secretary of the Interior approved submission of Reclamation's plans to Congress, the National Park

Others, not under the gag rule, may and should speak out, as some already have.

Recently it was my privilege to travel into Dinosaur National Monument. My exploration included a boat trip down the



From the summit of Round Top, high point on Blue Mountain, is one of our country's grandest views. Far below, sweep the forest-streaked benchlands across which wind the roads that lead to the

Service was gagged by the Secretary; while he permitted Reclamation to continue its stream of propaganda. Had the Secretary not applied the gag to the Park Service, we might have had a far more honest, democratic basis for weighing this conflict.

Yampa Canyon from Mantle Ranch to Echo Park, where the Yampa River joins the Green River, and from there through the canyons of the Green to the point where the river emerges into the flat lands south of the monument.

With adequate background to appraise the monument, and the disruption, damage and degradation that would result from building the two dams, this is in the nature of a report to the citizen owners of the

features are the deep canyons. These have been gouged through colorful rock formations of a great earth-crust uplift. The two rivers that have dug those canyons join within the monument. But there is this



climax gorges of the Green and Yampa beyond. Stretching across the center distance is the towering escarpment of Harper's Corner, and to right, the tops of Steamboat Rock, visible above the rim of Echo Park.

reservation concerning what they now have, and what they will lose if Congress should approve the building of the dams.

Dinosaur National Monument is comparable to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona. The most impressive

significant difference between the Grand Canyon and the Dinosaur canyons:

Whereas the bottom of the Grand Canyon can be reached only on foot or muleback, the canyons of Dinosaur are perhaps the only ones comparable in majesty and color,

where a visitor could get into such surroundings by modern motor routes. Also, once you begin the Grand Canyon boat trip, there is hardly any choice but to go all the way through, taking all of the risks and hardships; but in Dinosaur, there are several places to begin or end the river trips.

Although Dinosaur has the same sort of gigantic sweep of earth excavation as the Grand Canyon, when viewed from the highest rims of the plateau, there are several places where roads may be built at reasonable cost so that visitors may reach the streams and canyon depths. The canyons within Dinosaur are, in fact, a succession of smashing scenic gorges between amphitheaters, where the serried cliffs sweep back, and bottomlands afford generous locations for tourist accommodations. Between these access points one could travel the rivers in float-trips in close touch with the awesome spectacle.

Because of "parks" or "holes," and potential accessibility with moderate cost roads, there is a wide range of selection in the float-trips. The visitor could ride to a lodge at the point of embarkation, take the float-trip, and disembark at another point where highway travel would be resumed.

For example, there is now a truck trail to the Mantle Ranch on the Yampa River, and one to Echo Park, where the Yampa joins the Green. It is a glorious trip down the Yampa to Echo Park, and there are no really dangerous rapids in this section. Anyone in normal physical condition could take it.

At the other extreme, to traverse the Lodore Canyon of the Green does offer a challenging risk for those who seek it. The section between Echo Park, which terminates the leisurely lower Yampa float, and the emergence of the Green near monument headquarters, has rapids commanding respect. But passengers can by-pass the running of these rapids by walking around the white water while the boatmen take the boats through.

There is little question that there is no other place in our country that can supply this inspiring, unique experience of traversing deep gorges by water.

There is this factor, also, in the development of float-trips: There would be no cost in building the avenues of travel; the natural, flowing river furnishes this. The mode of travel is the relatively low cost rubber life-raft type of boat. At comparatively little cost, this river trip service could be installed by a qualified concessioner. In fact, there are rivermen now providing that kind of service.

As another factor, this travel would be practically devoid of any scarring or injury to existing natural features. One or ten thousand travellers going through the canyons by boat would do no harm to the scenery. Seeing does no injury to that which one beholds.

Throughout the whole monument's sweep of area and the sinuous turnings of its canyons, the miles of river could carry a daily quota of travellers. And here, where the greatest tendency toward concentration would occur, the river trips could be planned and operated so there would be no sense of crowding. It would be possible to supply this service to literally hundreds in any one day without creating a point of congestion in visitor population. For example, the topography of Zion, Bryce Canyon or Yosemite national parks tends to force a degree of population concentration on canyon floors or other localized areas. In Dinosaur, the wide-flung formation of the whole lends itself to excellent dispersal of visitors.

In the one outstanding feature—canyon-travel—Dinosaur is without doubt, at the very apex. This alone is a good reason for preventing the conversion of these canyons into gigantic water storage tanks. The entire area contains values and latent uses which augment demands for the preservation of the dominant canyon features, and add up to Dinosaur being a potential park of foremost rank.

As to the roads, present rough truck trails find ways down from the high table-land. Descent on these roads brings a continuously changing panorama. In a number of places, after the first descent, these roads emerge onto a spacious bench country between the high rim and the river chasms. The benches offer ready-made opportunity for any number of easy roads or trails, between points of interest—overlooks, Indian caves, curious little canyons. They also suggest the potential location for tourist lodges, in some instances at the mouths of water-carrying side canyons, where they would not intrude upon the landscape. A lodge tucked into such a canyon, part way down, would be a first-class point of habitation from which visitors could get to an almost endless variety of interesting places.

The building of roads here would offer no more difficulty than they would above the high rims—merely grading over easy lines, to points of interest.

Also, these bench locations, along with the several "parks" at the river levels, give added opportunity for handling thousands of visitors with enough dispersal to prevent any objectionable overcrowding.

In addition to the river trips, there is a variety of appealing existing values that increase park-use potentials.

From the top rims down to the canyon floors, there are, in the aggregate, at least 10,000 feet of earth crust exposed; that is, if the oldest crust types were placed at the bottom, and each era's type placed chronologically above, there would be that much of geologic history exposed. Furthermore, this geologic feature would be accessible,

Pool Creek Canyon, like other side canyons in the bench-lands, suggests the potential location for a tourist lodge.





The foreground is the approximate location of the site for the proposed Split Mountain dam. This view looks down stream toward the last bend of the Green River inside the national monument.

so that an "earth-history" tour could be readily set up. No other park has this sort of offering so readily accessible. The area merits park status on this one feature alone. Needless to say, the proposed Echo Park dam, 525 feet high, and the Split Mountain dam, 225 feet high, would blot out the climax part of this feature. Water would back up behind Echo Park dam for sixty-four miles on the Green River, and forty-four on the Yampa.

An unknown number of ancient dwelling

places, with their pictographs and petroglyphs, would be flooded by the proposed reservoirs. These sites were used by prehistoric people who lived here about 500 A. D.

Because there is over a half mile of vertical distance between upper rims of the monument and the deep canyons, there is a great variety of plant life, some of the most interesting being in the canyons. In all probability, not all of the botanical species to be found here have been listed

as yet, for this is a unique and somewhat island-isolated area surrounded by vast barriers of sage country. We can add the flora and its protection in the deeper canyons as another value that would be considerably reduced if reservoirs are established.

Dinosaur, in my judgment, has every potential of being a wildlife park rivalling Yellowstone. Its physical formation lends itself to just that. Deer, antelope, beaver and other native animals are in the area or adjacent lands. The benches suggest bison range. Because of the spread between the top rims, which are at the elevation of the aspen and fir forests, and the lower areas where canyons widen, there may be suitable habitat for all faunal species native to this general region.

The area is historically significant. Early explorers, including Ashley and Powell, fur traders, badmen, pioneer ranchers—all add to its significance.

The summation of Dinosaur's offerings convince me that we have here, neglected, unknown, and now direly threatened, an area properly set aside to be protected by park status. It inherently has as great a future as any national park. In my judgment, Dinosaur in its way is the undeveloped equal of Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Yosemite or any other of the well-known national parks. Accepting the established fact that Zion, Crater Lake, Bryce Canyon, Mesa Verde and other national parks are set aside for all the people for all time, I emphasize that if such parks are worthy of their status, Dinosaur National Monument merits that same status without one question of doubt.

To deliver this top-ranking potential future national park to the intrusion of dams, reservoirs, and power facilities would, in my estimate, degrade the area to the most lowly kind of recreation spot. If this major park unit is dumped into the reservoirs, it will have to be eliminated from the national park system.

There is, in my opinion, a very basic factor involved in proposals to so degrade

and convert to other uses, what now exists in Dinosaur. I have stated it is potentially, in its way, comparable to the best of our national parks. It lacks only use facilities. If, then, Dinosaur is invaded by the dam builders, there is no genuine argument against the destruction of the top values in other first-line parks.

It is just as ethically and morally sound to allow the Bureau of Reclamation to pick up proposals of Idaho potato growers to dam the outlet of Yellowstone Lake, tunnel the continental divide in the park to deliver the water to the Snake River drainage so more potatoes can be grown—to be bought at government support prices, of course—to feed to hogs. Supreme park values would be destroyed in each case.

Or it would be ethically and morally as justifiable to divert Yosemite's falls into power turbines to supply energy to some industrial interests in California; or to construct the proposed forty-two-mile tunnel around the Grand Canyon, diverting the Colorado's flow there, so it may run a power plant downstream from the canyon; or to allow lumber interests to log Olympic National Park to keep their mills running at a profit.

The Dinosaur dams are being proposed and pushed in the interest of a small segment of our total citizenry. The benefits of impounded water would accrue directly only to a relatively tiny portion of the nation's economy and society. If that is justification for these dams, it also is justification for raiding the material resources in any national park capable of contributing to local economy, to the profit of a few individuals or local groups.

Basically, if Dinosaur National Monument's superb qualities are sacrificed to Reclamation's plans, the fundamental precept of retaining for the use of all our people the outstanding scenic, recreational, scientific and related values in national parks is blasted.

There is no dire and dreadful necessity for Reclamation or anyone to build dams

in Dinosaur National Monument. An eminent engineer, General U. S. Grant, III, president of the American Planning and Civic Association, has examined Reclamation's own records and from these has presented the astonishing facts that that bureau has reported there are feasible alternative dam sites *outside of the national monument*, which would impound *more* water, produce *more* hydroelectric power, at an estimated cost of \$60,000,000 *less* in public money. In view of this, the insistence of Reclamation, and any acquiescence of the Department of the Interior to Reclamation's demands, become all the more serious and threatening to all parks.

Far and above anything else except the abandonment of fundamental national park precepts that would occur if the dams are allowed, is the bleak prospect of the Department of the Interior, charged with pro-

tection of national parks and monuments, opening the door to one of its bureaus to demolish the principles, ethics, and standards applying to our national park system. Attempts of private, profit-bent interests to exploit material resources and values within the parks have been exposed, condemned and thus far fairly thwarted; but to have a top-level park property, with superb inherent possibilities, invaded by a bureau of the department charged with its protection, is frightening, scandalous and reprehensible.

Aside from all clap-trap, politics, ballyhoo or bullheaded determination of proponents, if park qualities of the rank of those now existing in Dinosaur can be thus prostituted, no park can be considered immune from similar attack.

This is the overriding issue in dams for Dinosaur.

It is encouraging to be able to report that, speaking before the annual meeting of the National Audubon Society in New York, last November 13, Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman declared: "I sincerely hope that we might work out a solution whereby the Split Mountain and Echo Park dams need not be built in the [Dinosaur] monument."

All those who have insisted that the proposition of building power and irrigation dams in this national monument should be delayed in submission to Congress, until *all* values have been completely assayed, and until alternative sites for water impoundment fully and honestly have been explored, can endorse this statement to the hilt. They must positively approve the courage, the breadth of vision indicated by Mr. Chapman's declaration, and solidly support the Secretary, as he may now withhold proposals for the dams in the monument.

Oscar Chapman has made a stand that can do much to fortify our faith that our national park system shall have a staunch defender so long as he is Secretary of the Interior.—*Editor.*

FOREST FIRE RECORD (Continued from page 18)

lends further proof that park visitors are fire conscious, as only seventy-nine fires were reported as probably caused by non-local travelers. The majority of the remainder were listed as caused by local residents, or industrial, agricultural and em-

ployee activities lacking sufficient care.

As of December 1, a total of 44,096 acres were burned inside the national park and monument system this past year. The total breaks down into 3864 acres of forest, 387 acres of brush, and 39,845 acres of grass, with most of the latter being in Everglades National Park, as mentioned above.

Zero Hour Approaches for Calaveras South Grove

By NEWTON B. DRURY, Chief
California Division of Beaches and Parks

IT IS a hundred years since Dowd The Hunter chased a bear, lost his quarry, but happened upon the Calaveras Big Trees, thus revealing the *Sequoia gigantea* to the world. Ever since, the need to safeguard these wonders in the realm of growing things has been repeatedly acknowledged and proclaimed.

Yet only in 1931, almost eighty years after the discovery of these trees, was the North Grove, one of the two separate groups of Sequoias that make up the Calaveras Big Trees, finally acquired by the State of California with the aid of the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Calaveras Grove Association.

Today, the South Grove, larger and in some ways more spectacular, containing 1,000 specimens of *Sequoia gigantea*, still is privately owned and stands in the path of lumbering operations. In fact, a logging railroad runs along its boundary. That it does not run through the grove itself is due to the intercession of the State Park Commission and the Redwoods League, and especially to Frederick Law Olmsted who represented the State in outlining the most recent project for acquisition and who succeeded in securing the cooperation of the owners, the Pickering Lumber Corporation, to the extent that they located the railroad, which taps their timber holdings, so as to skirt the basin of Big Trees Creek, a tributary of the Stanislaus River, within which is the South Grove.

Thus, it is no longer a matter of deliberate, long-range planning, but an immediate emergency that must be met now or never.

The situation now is acute, and quite

different from that of twenty years ago, when the North Grove was acquired, or fifteen years ago before the original Pickering Lumber Company was reorganized by the R. F. C. This forest now is in the hands of a strong going concern, bearing down upon it in the midst of what has recently been a steadily rising market for yellow and sugar pine, the main species, and there is even alleged to be a market for *Sequoia gigantea* as a lumber tree. Whether this last be so or not, it is a fact that in 1931, or even in 1941, the grove could have been acquired for less than what it will now cost.

Viewed from their standpoint of an organization formed and financed for the harvesting of lumber, the company owning these trees has been cooperative and patient. Negotiations are now in process between the state and the lumber company to determine the over-all cost of acquisition and the terms upon which it can be realized. Success or failure will probably depend upon the cooperativeness of the owners in agreeing to a fair but not excessive price and to a term option whereby successive units can be purchased as private funds are raised and thus release an equal amount from the State Park Fund.

Governor Earl Warren, who has all along been an enthusiastic advocate of the preservation of these great trees—just as he has supported the saving of the *Sequoia sempervirens* in California's redwood parks—has approved the Park Commission's allocation from the State Park Fund of 1945, already appropriated by the legis-



This is a typical pure stand of the magnificent sugar pines in the proposed South Grove area.

lature, of \$1,000,000 toward this project. But—under the Act of 1945, as under the previous bond act in California, state moneys can be spent for park land only when matched with an equal amount from private or outside sources. This limits the amount that can be spent for the first unit to the matching with state funds of the "corridor lands" which the Governor and the Commission have been assured will shortly be transferred by the federal government, in accordance with the Act of 1928; plus such funds as the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Calaveras Grove Association and other groups may be able to raise; plus state funds to match these private funds. This will amount to a substantial sum—some hundreds of thousands of dollars—and when the initial purchase is made and the negotiations determine the prices of the successive units, such momentum will be given to the campaign that it will, we devoutly believe, end in success. One thing is certain. Large private contributions are needed right now, as the larger the first payment, the more favor-

able terms can be obtained from the owners.

The Save-the-Redwoods League has assurance from prospective donors that when \$250,000 is raised, it will be matched with an equal amount and since this total of \$500,000 in private funds in turn would be matched by the California State Park Commission from park funds, this would make a total of \$1,000,000. Only a portion of the \$250,000 needed has been raised.

A recent statement from the Save-the-Redwoods League sums up the situation:

"It will be remembered that for the acquisition of the North Calaveras Grove, \$100,000 was contributed through the Save-the-Redwoods League, and \$37,500 through the Calaveras Grove Association, these sums being matched in equal amounts by the State Park Commission. The North Grove now constitutes the Calaveras Big Trees State Park, to which presumably the South Grove, when acquired, will be added for administrative purposes.

"In order to take advantage of definite pledges in the amount of \$250,000 that have been made to the League for the South

Grove, an equal amount in other private contributions will need to be obtained. Here is how it will work out:

"Each dollar contributed to the Save-the-Redwoods League for the South Calaveras Grove fund will be matched in equal amount from this fund of \$250,000, and the two dollars thus supplied will be matched by state funds—so that each of your dollars, when matched, in this way, will provide for a total of four dollars for acquisition of the South Calaveras Grove."

There is to be considered the case of the sugar pine. That noble California tree has received considerable attention in connection with the South Grove project. One of the most beautiful and symmetrical of all conifers, as well as the highest priced for lumber purposes, its occasional largest specimens attaining proportions that put it almost in the class of the big tree, the sugar pine is worthy of the solicitude for its preservation shown by the conservation groups, notably the War Memorial Association of Los Angeles. This organization, supported by others, is urging a trade of federally-owned stumpage in the national forests that will result in setting aside nearly 400 acres north of Big Trees Creek Basin. Some of the sections contain almost pure stands of sugar pines, the outstanding example being in Section 31, along the old trail leading from the North Grove to the South Grove. If this deal is consummated—and the U. S. Forest Service is working hard on it—the area is proposed as a memorial to the veterans of World War II, just as the National Tribute Grove, in Jedediah Smith Redwoods State Park, Del Norte County, was established by the state and the Save-the-Redwoods League through donations from all over the United States. (The success of this project, by the way, indicates the feasibility of acquiring the Calaveras South Grove in units. The owners gave an option over a period of ten years, and the Redwoods League, sometimes just a jump ahead of the sawmills, managed to raise private funds each year in an

amount sufficient to make payment and keep the option alive. Aubrey Drury was the mainspring in this effort. He is an eternal optimist and is convinced that the performance can be repeated with the South Grove, given sufficient time. With the approval of the state, the League and the Calaveras Grove Association will undoubtedly find donors of named and memorial groves among the big trees, in consideration of their contributions. This is the method that has been so successful along the Redwood Highway.)

Coming back to the sugar pine, and its preservation, it is noteworthy that within the South Grove area, which the state is trying to acquire, are fine stands of this species, cruising over 30,000,000 board feet. In Yosemite National Park, through the generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and expenditures by the federal government, close to 80,000 acres containing sugar pines have been preserved in the Carl Inn addition. There are extensive sugar pine forests in Yosemite, Sequoia and Kings Canyon national parks, and in some of the California state parks. Thus, while it would be splendid if more outstanding sugar pines can be preserved, posterity is assured that at least these typical stands will be perpetuated.

But it is the big tree, the *Sequoia gigantea*, that for a hundred years has been an object of wonder to the entire world. John Muir and the Sierra Club, long before there was a Save-the-Redwoods League or a National Park Service, concerned themselves about the preservation of the Sequoias. Two directors of the National Park Service, Stephen T. Mather and Horace M. Albright, both Californians, aggressively sought to help acquire them. The writer had the privilege of working on the acquisition of the North Grove, and now is glad to be in on this last chapter. It represents probably the most important piece of unfinished nature protection business in America.



PROPOSED ITALIAN PARK FOR PROTECTION OF BEARS

A MOVEMENT to establish a great national park and a refuge for the European brown bear has reached a critical stage in the Italian Parliament.

Nature protectionists in Italy have been working for the past year to effect a drastic change in the old Parco Nazional della Stelvio. Located west of Bolzano, in the magnificent Dolomites, the park has been virtually unrecognized by the authorities. Lacking any administration and protection, it has been only a name on the local maps. The

brown bears, of which a few remain in central Europe, wandered through the area in migrating from the Swiss Alps to a favorite habitat south of the park. Those best acquainted with the life history of the bears decided that, if the species is to be perpetuated in Italy, a major step must be taken.

It was proposed, therefore, that much of the present park should be abandoned, retaining only a corridor within which the

(Continued on page 45)

CONRAD L. WIRTH BECOMES PARKS DIRECTOR

MR. ARTHUR E. DEMARAY, director of the National Park Service since April, 1951, terminated his forty-eight years of government work on December 8. Mr. Conrad L. Wirth's appointment as director, by Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman, became effective on that day.



Former Director Arthur E. Demaray.

Mr. Demaray began his career as a messenger with the Geological Survey, in 1903, serving in various positions until 1917, when he was transferred to the National Park Service. During much of his parks career, he has been active in other governmental functions, such as member of the District of Columbia Zoning Commission. He originated National Parks Concessions, Inc., a nonprofit corporation which pro-

vides accommodations and services at several Park Service areas. Because of Mr. Demaray's knowledge of all phases of National Park Service work, he represented the Service before the Bureau of the Budget and the appropriations committees of the House and Senate. In 1942, he was awarded the Pugsley silver medal in recognition of his long and effective service in the park field.

Mr. Wirth was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1899, where his father was superintendent of parks. A graduate of Massachusetts State College, now the University of Massachusetts, in landscape architecture, Mr. Wirth entered government



New Director Conrad L. Wirth.

service in 1928, joining the National Park Service in 1931. In 1933, he became assist-

ant director in charge of the Park Service's Branch of Lands, the position he has held almost until his appointment as director. During this time, he directed the Emergency Conservation Work (CCC) on state parks, and later was placed in charge of the entire ECW program of the Park Service, becoming the Service's representative on the CCC Advisory Council. He also directed the park, parkway and recreational area survey authorized by Congress in 1936.

Mr. Wirth is a member of the Board of Directors of the National Conference on State Parks, a member of the Board of the American Shore and Beach Preservation Association, and a member of the American Society of Landscape Architects. In 1946, he was awarded the Pugsley gold medal for his services in both state and national park work.

Your Association's executive staff and

Board of Trustees are well acquainted with Mr. Wirth, and he is liked by all. On many occasions he has spoken at our annual meetings and at meetings of our Executive Committee. We look forward to continued friendly relations with the new director and with the Service.

Appointment of Mr. Thomas J. Allen as assistant director also became effective in December. Trained in engineering and forestry, Mr. Allen served as a ranger at Mount Rainier, and then successively as chief ranger and assistant superintendent at Rocky Mountain. Later he became superintendent of Hawaii, Zion, Bryce Canyon, Hot Springs and Rocky Mountain. From 1937 to 1941, he was regional director, Region Two, Omaha, and following this, regional director, Region One, Richmond, which post he has left to come to Washington.

NOW IT'S 1840 MINTWOOD PLACE

THIS is your Association's new address in Washington, D. C.

Ten years ago we occupied one room in the American Nature Association's building. Five years later we expanded into a second room, and now, with continued growth in activity and membership, it has become imperative that we move into still larger offices.

We now occupy a four-room suite adjacent to the offices of the Wilderness Society. As many of our members know, the Wilderness Society is one of the closest allies we have in the struggle to protect nature and preserve wilderness. There should be mutual benefit from the proximity.

As your vice-president, Mr. Sigurd Olson, recently commented, one cannot think progressively in cramped quarters. With adequate space, it is hoped to provide better service for members—more frequent news releases and special bulletins as necessity demands, to assemble a library on conserva-

tion and nature protection for our own use, as well as that of others, and to build up a collection of photographs and transparencies on national parks and monuments for showing with lectures to groups and organizations.

The Board of Trustees expresses its deepest appreciation to Mr. Richard W. Westwood, president, and Mr. Harry E. Radcliffe, vice-president, American Nature Association, for their hospitality to us these ten years. Had it not been for their unfailing and friendly aid on numerous occasions, much of our work would not have been accomplished as successfully.

Remember, from now on, when writing your Association, address your mail to 1840 Mintwood Place, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE will continue to be edited at 1214 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington 6; so when writing about editorial matters only, use our former address.



From the south cliffs of Isle au Haut, the park visitor looks out across a thundering surf display to the limitless expanse of ocean.

ISLE AU HAUT

(Continued from page 17)

shy." From this time on berry pickers and campers have been distrusted and not welcomed. In former days there was no underbrush, and but few flowers and shrubs, as the large flocks of sheep kept the vegetation "cleaned up." People could walk anywhere through the woods. With the coming of land-buying summer visitors, in the early eighties, sheep raising declined. This allowed undergrowth, flowers and shrubs to come back, with the accompaniment of forest fire danger.

In 1878 or 1879 my father, the late Ernest W. Bowditch of Boston, first saw Isle au Haut from the deck of the bay boat, the "Mount Desert." The island interested him, and having a few days' leisure, he went ashore at Green's Landing, now Stonington, on Deer Isle, and hired

a sailboat to take him there. The pilot did not like the island or the inhabitants, for when my father asked to be landed near the hotel, the pilot told him there was no hotel and that he would not go there. When my father asked "if you did go there, where would you stay?" the pilot replied that he supposed he'd ask Captain William Turner to put him up "down Thoroughfare way." As it was low tide, my father was landed at what is now Point Lookout. From here he walked across the fields to the village. There, in the old lobster factory, he found Captain Turner and his friends. After some looking over and shaking of heads, and finding my father was a descendant of Nathaniel Bowditch, the navigator, Captain Turner asked him to pay him a visit.

My father's friend, Albert Otis of Belfast, Maine, was immensely interested to

hear of this visit, and proposed buying some land at Isle au Haut, and gathering some friends together and forming a men's fishing club. In 1880, this was done and the Isle au Haut Company was formed. This company bought the Chowder House, which stood on Point Lookout, and it was renamed Point Lookout Club. There were three cardinal rules for this Club: no women, no children and no dogs! Today, all three are there—women, children and dogs.

The summer visitors were much interested in the island, and some of them wanted to make friends among the residents. These visitors were also interested in doing their share for the welfare of the town. They liked the simplicity of life on a wild outer island. For the Club, at first, water was carried in buckets from the well. Then a small wooden storage tank and pump were installed. These were followed by a larger one, and finally a great steel tank with a capacity of 100,000 gallons was put up. It was not until 1948 that an electric generator was installed at the Club and the kerosene lamp was laid on the shelf.

Among the visitors, the Island was fortunate in having some outstandingly interesting men and women, among whom were those with political interests, like the late Richard Olney, Frederick Gillett and Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone. These men all recognized the island's charm, its beauty, and the refreshing quality of its simple surroundings. An unusual bond of respect and liking grew between the residents and visitors, which contributed to the uniqueness of the place.

In the early days of the Club, the roads were cart trails for oxen and a drag. One extended from the Thoroughfare to Head Harbor; another over part of the mountain to the Pond, and so on. But after a while, horses were imported by Mr. Turner at the Thoroughfare, with a buckboard and surreys. A town road was built to Head Harbor.

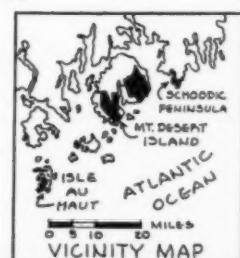
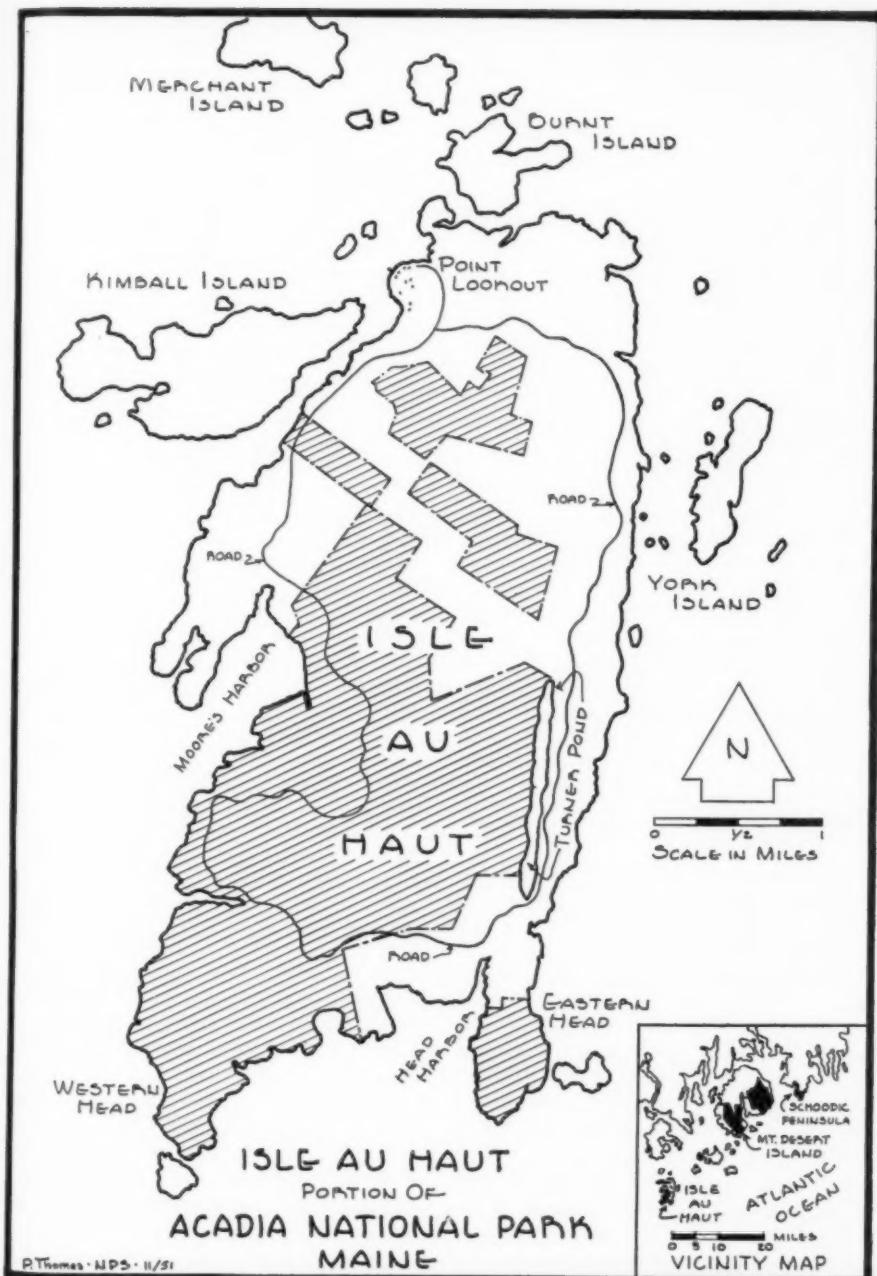
The Club members gradually acquired a large holding of land on the Island, the greater part of which has recently been donated to Acadia National Park. A country road was built by Mr. Bowditch from the Point to the Thoroughfare and from the Thoroughfare to the south end of the island, as well as across to Head Harbor. This road was originally built to facilitate fire control. It also became a source of pleasure to people who wanted to explore distant parts of the island.

The town road became a state-aid road. Automobiles came in 1914, and now nearly every household owns one.

Club members liked the simplicity of life on a wild island, and, while there were a tennis court and rowboats and one or two sailboats and a small steam yacht owned by members, there were no swimming pool, casino and bar. Great store was set and still is in clambakes and picnics.

Active interest was taken in the school at an early day by Charles Francis Adams, and later a new building was put up by Miss Damon of New York. A new town hall and library was built and a large share of this venture was accomplished through the generosity of Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer of Lancaster, Massachusetts, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Paul Revere. Mrs. Revere had made Isle au Haut her summer home. The town hall and library, called Revere Memorial Hall, are used not only for town meetings and reading but also for summer dances and church fairs.

Nathaniel T. Kidder of Milton, Massachusetts, botanized here for years, and his copious notes and collections are deposited with the Gray Herbarium at Harvard University. He was keenly interested to see what plants and flowers appeared after the sheep were removed. A great variety did appear. To mention a few,—there are orchids of several kinds. At first these were rare, but now are plentiful. There are carpets of the fragrant and dainty twin-flower, which the botanist Linnaeus delighted in



and was afterwards named for him. There are the beautiful feather moss, mountain fern moss and various species of sphagnum, and a variety of mushrooms, the chantarelle being prolific. Lately a remarkable purple mushroom, *Cortinarius violaceoens*, was found.

There is a road connecting the three small fishing settlements, and you can take many miles of woodland trails leading to Mount Champlain for the lovely view of the Camden Hills and Mount Desert; or you can go over to the lake, or along the shore to the several harbors and splendid cliffs. Deer are here, as well as several

smaller mammals, and a great many birds. To mention a few, there are woodcock and pheasant, a variety of waterfowl, among which are eider and harlequin ducks. Bald eagles nest here, and there are ravens and owls, and many songbirds and waders, besides gulls and terns. Today about half the acreage of Isle au Haut has become part of Acadia National Park. The island has features lacking in the Mount Desert of these days. It is remote, it is wild, and almost unspoiled by the hand of man. It offers what is rare today—a refreshing sense of detachment from the world's cares and problems.

EVERGLADES

(Continued from page 7)

The rookery in Cuthbert Lake is one of the great natural sights of the wild woodland. No picture does it justice. No description of the sensations one feels when the Audubon boat slowly circumnavigates an island populated entirely by big, beautiful birds and their young could ever convey the *real* impression. But a passenger once came close, I believe—a middle-aged widow, travelling alone: "I feel," she whispered after she'd watched the birds for a long time, "as if no one had ever seen this except God—and me!"

That is, perhaps, as good as any expression of the debt the whole country owes to those very few men who came to know the Everglades, who learned to love them and who dedicated their energies and lives to the purpose that all Americans would always be able to see that land and its flora and fauna, undisturbed and untrammelled. They are the people who brought the Everglades National Park into being. Generations who never heard of these men and women will do them anonymous homage, as their breath catches and their eyes brighten in the presence of immense primordial vistas of the great swamp at sunset, or at the sight of the whip-cracking, zigzag homeward flight

of a mile-long string of pure white egrets.

After a visit to the wood ibis rookery in Cuthbert Lake, the two-day trippers are taken by station wagon to the keys for dinner and a night's sleep. In the morning, they venture forth again by a different boat into a region of sea and keys in the shallow, incredibly blue Bay of Florida, at the south end of the park. They will probably see the same wading birds again, and cormorants and pelicans, man-o'-war birds, and bald eagles, which are common there. Schools, shoals, scads of various gulls and terns, dowitchers, ruddy turnstones and other quaint and curious birds will be reviewed. They will see the great white heron, too, first discovered here by John James Audubon, in 1832, as well as the rare reddish egret. The even rarer great white heron may be seen in this area alone. But the main objective on this second day is the habitat of the roseate spoonbills.

These huge, gaudy, peculiar birds were long thought to be extinct in Florida. They were eaten by the natives, who called them "pink curlews" or "pinks." Early in the century, they vanished from human view on the United States mainland—eaten to the last bird, it was believed. But, a decade and more ago, a keys native wrote a startling letter to a Miami physician—who was



National Parks Association

Audubon trippers venture forth into a region of sea and keys in the shallow, incredibly blue Bay of Florida.

also a collector of *Liguus*, the gaudy tree snails of South Florida and Cuba, and a hunter of pinks in his youth. The keys native reported he had found "twenty or thirty of the birds, hiding out on a remote key," and invited the doctor—Michael Price DeBoe—down for a hunt.

Dr. DeBoe went down there—fast. He hesitated long enough only to phone the Audubon Society. He took along not guns, but binoculars and cameras. He brought back proof that, indeed, a few roseate spoonbills still survived. The tale from there on, is just as extraordinary. The Audubon Society put a man on the key to live there, day and night, month in and out, year after year, during the breeding season, to make sure none of the birds would be shot and that the remaining thirty or so would have a chance to breed.

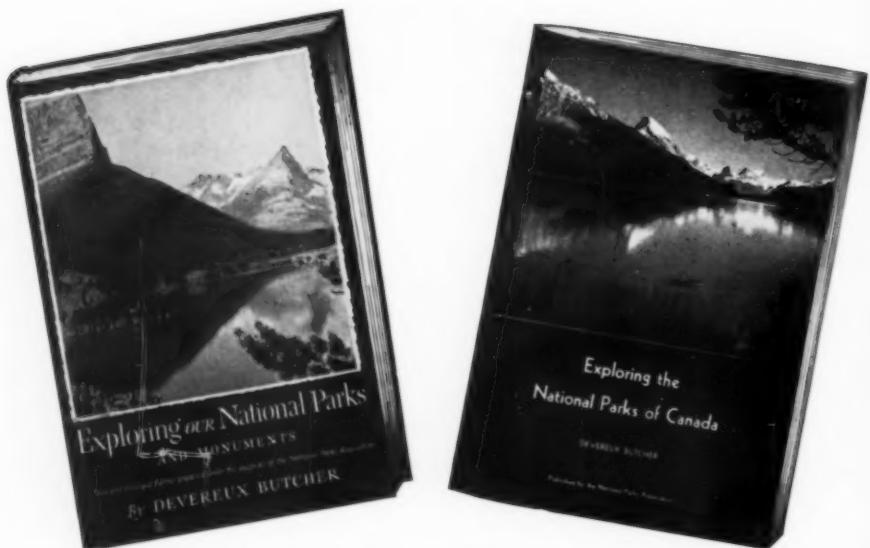
The two-day Audubon tripper, now, will see the result—a sky-full of birds, powerful and graceful on the wing, rose color against the blue vault, or a pink-dotted bay-full of them, wading about, scything the water with their broad-ended bills. In flight, roseate

spoonbills are, to my mind, amongst the most beautiful things alive.

It is indeed a source of very great joy to those who do appreciate the Everglades to know it is now safely preserved as a national park; it is "one of those things"—those unforgettable, splendid things that offset life's many disappointments and tragedies. A priceless jewel of America—a jewel unique on the planet and so, perhaps, in all space and time—has at last been properly appraised and stored as treasure.

The public, unguided, untutored, cannot be entrusted with so fragile a heritage, but the National Park Service and Audubon Society can be given the nation's full faith.

It is good for the soul, in a world given so much to firearms and killing, to see life so magnificently saved. Come down, then, to this national park. Restore your soul beside some of the stillest, strangest waters of our green earth, in what is, I daresay, the wildest part of North America left to marvel at, and to study, and to enjoy. You owe yourself this primordial experience. Nothing else is like it.



Two Beautiful Books to Help You Plan and Enjoy Your Vacation

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THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

AGATIZED RAINBOWS, A Story of the Petrified Forest. by Harold J. Brodrick. Presented by the Petrified Forest Museum Association and the Arizona State Highway Department. Popular Series No. 3. 1951. Twenty-four pages. Illustrated. Price 25 cents.

This attractive pamphlet contains not only an extremely informative and entertainingly told story of the Petrified Forest, but also thirteen brilliant color photographs showing the petrified wood and the landscape of the nearby Painted Desert, part of which is within the boundaries of the Petrified Forest National Monument. There are color pictures showing other national monuments and the Grand Canyon National Park, all in northeastern Arizona, and within a few hours' drive from the Petrified Forest. A map shows the relative locations of these wonderful areas. Any-one intending to visit this part of Arizona should be sure to obtain a copy.

WILDLIFE IN COLOR, by Roger Tory Peterson. Sponsored by the National Wildlife Federation. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1951. 191 pages. Illustrated. Index. Price \$3.

A foremost feature of this book is the series of more than 450 full color illustrations. These have been printed from the plates of the handsome wildlife stamps issued by the National Wildlife Federation from 1939 to 1951. The stamps, reproduced from paintings of animals, birds, fishes, trees, wild flowers, reptiles and insects—almost all of them native to North America—have won the praise of everyone who has seen them. And this the stamps have justly deserved, not alone for the superbly beautiful art of the several wildlife artists who painted them, but for the astonishingly accurate and faithful work of the engraver. Now, all of these little wildlife portraits are assembled in this volume, in the same brill-

iant colors with similarly excellent workmanship on the part of the printer. But here we find a most fitting arrangement. Species belonging to the same habitat have been grouped together. There is, for instance, a chapter entitled *The Deciduous Woodlands*, in which are such groups as the *Trees of the Woodlands*, *Spring Flowers of the Woodlands*, *Mammals of the Woodlands* and *Birds of the Woodlands*. Most of the typical North American habitats have been so treated in the book. There are groups on extinct species and vanishing species, as well.

The text is written so as to stimulate interest in nature and in the need to help protect nature. The effects of man's failure to recognize the requirements of plant and animal life for survival is well emphasized. Texts accompanying the several groups of paintings tell about the characteristics of individual species, and, more important, often the abundance of a species, the dangers threatening its survival, man's attitude toward it, and what can be done to prevent extinction. The book contains a great number of interesting facts.

The several causes of wildlife decline are briefly discussed—the cattlemen, the real estate promoters, the swamp and marsh drainers, campers and smokers careless with fire, the wild-flower pickers and all destroyers of natural beauty. Remarks about these are clear, if brief; and this, which some may consider the topmost value of the book, should help to advance public enlightenment.

In almost no instance is the impact of gunning brought out as a factor influencing the decline of certain species. Thus, the book fails to give a true picture with regard to the hazards confronted by many vanishing species of wildlife. Furthermore, throughout the intensely interesting text, the reader is frequently jolted by such statements as "Although pheasants and quail far

exceed it in the amount of sport they furnish, the ruffed grouse is voted by many sportsmen the finest of all game birds." In texts on upland birds and the larger mammals, the word "game" is almost unfailingly applied to these species or groups, as though no one except the gunners had any interest in them.

UNCLE SAM'S ACRES, by Marion Clawson. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. 1951. Illustrated. A section on Selected References. Index. 414 pages. Price \$5.

The author, director of the Bureau of Land Management, Department of the Interior, gives us the historical background of our federally owned lands—the national parks, national forests, Indian reservations, grazing districts, wildlife refuges and territories. He describes the lands, explaining how and why the federal government acquired them, what uses they are put to, and what is being done to restore them to productivity and maintain their usefulness through sound land-use practices. The subject is one about which most people have little knowledge. A book entitled *Our Federal Lands*, by Robert Sterling Yard, first executive secretary of the National Parks Association, was written in the 1920's. Although valuable, this is now quite out of date, so that Mr. Clawson's book is perhaps the outstanding book on this subject today.

We are pleased to find that, in the several passages dealing with national parks, the author adheres to the best policies in all he says. He makes brief but accurate mention, also, of the threats to the parks and monuments. This reviewer strongly recommends *Uncle Sam's Acres* to everyone concerned with our national welfare. It is ideal, too, for use in high schools and universities.

The section on Selected References lists the name of your Association's book, *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments*. However, although a number of private organizations are mentioned in the

main text, your Association, which has led the fight for national park protection and has upheld the national park standards since 1919, is not named.

TUMACACORI'S YESTERDAYS, by Earl Jackson. Edited by Dale S. King. Southwestern Monuments Association, Popular Series No. 6, Santa Fe. 1951. Illustrated. References. Ninety-six pages. Price 75 cents.

This is the history of one of the old Spanish Jesuit missions, Tumacacori. The ruins are situated in the Santa Cruz Valley of southern Arizona, and the leading figure in the story is the priest, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, who established several other missions besides this one. The picturesque old ruin of the church building that stands on the site was probably begun around the middle of the eighteenth century. It was in 1908 that Tumacacori was proclaimed a national monument, but not until 1916 did the relic receive any protection. It is one of the most interesting of our historic national monuments, and is seen by many people annually. If you are planning a trip to Arizona this winter, a visit to Tumacacori will be well worth your while. To increase your interest and appreciation of the old mission site, be sure to send for a copy of this booklet.

THE BIRDS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, by Harold S. Peters and Thomas D. Burleigh. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, and the Department of Natural Resources of Newfoundland, St. John's. 1951. Illustrated by Roger Tory Peterson. Bibliography. Index. 431 pages. Price \$6.

This is another grand addition to the wealth of published works on North America's avifauna. The book is designed to promote the idea of protecting the bird life of Newfoundland and to stimulate local popular interest in the birds of the island province. A number of preliminary chapters, written in simple language, discuss

The Study of Birds in Nature, Geographical Distribution and Life Zones, Conservation, Protection of Birds, and so on. The larger part of the volume deals with the description, voice, nest and eggs, range, status in Newfoundland, and habits of the individual species. Roger Peterson has made for this book thirty-two full-page paintings illustrating 153 species, and a number of line drawings. The color work is as fine as any Mr. Peterson has produced, the plates on warblers, swallows and sparrows being unusually life-like and well composed. The authors spent parts of ten years in Newfoundland working in collaboration with the Newfoundland Government, while making field studies of migratory birds for the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Mr. Peters has been with the Fish and Wildlife Service since 1935, and Mr. Burleigh, a Fellow of the American Ornithologist's Union, has been a biologist for the Service for many years, and is now on the staff of the School of Forestry, University of Idaho.

THIS FASCINATING ANIMAL WORLD, by Alan Devoe. Published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York. 1951. Illustrated. Index. 303 pages. Price \$3.75.

In describing this book, we can best be-

gin by quoting the book's first paragraph: "When I was a boy, fascinated then as now by our fellow creatures, the animals, I used to be full of questions about them. Though I lived reasonably near a good library, and pored over its books about animal life at every opportunity, I was disheartened to find that the answers to a great many of my most urgent questions seemed never to be discoverable." Then, after some elaboration and giving a number of the questions people have asked him in recent years, Mr. Devoe says: "Over the years, these questions have come from persons of every age and from most of the countries of the world. They are the primary questions, evidently, that most often occur to people wondering about animal life, and they are questions to which answers cannot always readily be found." This forecasts what is to follow; and what does follow is so amazing that you hardly will be able to put the book down. The author has a sense of humor, and with it he liberally seasons what he says; so that the subject, which, although intensely interesting, might otherwise make rather slow reading for some, becomes scintillating. While knee-deep in the fun of this book, you will be learning with amusement about the lives and ways of the creatures with which we share the earth.

ITALIAN PARK

(Continued from page 34)

bears could be protected during their migrations. This corridor is to open into a new park, the major landscape features of which are the mountain masses known as the Gruppo di Brenta (dolomitic) and the Adamello (granitic). The first-named is especially desirable as a sanctuary for the bears. The entire "taking area," which has been described in legislation, is 90,000 hectares (about 225,000 acres). The park would be known as the Parco Nazionale Brenta Adamello Stelvio.

This rough, mountainous area is valuable

chiefly for wildlife protection and visitor enjoyment. Scenically, it is as fine as any landscape in the northern Rockies of the United States. Under snow from September to June, most of the proposed park has little economic value except recreation.

An appeal for help has arrived from Professor Paulo Videsott, Secretary of the Trento Section of the Italian Movement for the Protection of Nature. In response, the National Parks Association has written to the President of the Italian Parliament (Senato della Repubblica e Camera dei Deputati—Rome), urging early establishment of the park.—*Victor H. Cahalane*.

SNOW VENTURING

(Continued from page 11)

ing on luck to find a stopping place. My sacks were worn through, and the soles of my feet slid beautifully over the icy slopes. When I lost balance, I slid on all points. The snow cracked and groaned until another uncomfortable thought occurred to me. Suppose the whole mountainside started moving. It was thaw time and ideal for avalanches.

For all its hazards it was a beautiful descent. I can remember few more enjoyable experiences than that exhilarating journey from virgin snow fields to the world of growing things. Little by little the ice disappeared. The trail came into sight, and there was a stream of rushing water. The shrubs were putting forth the first little leaves of early spring.

It was near evening when I stood on the bank of the Saint Mary's River, below Gunsight Lake, and breathed a sigh of contentment. The snow was gone and the hazards of the trail were behind. Or so I thought, until I tried to find a way across the brimming stream. I discovered that where the bridge should have been, there were only two mournful piers sticking out of the black water. The thought of fording that icy torrent made my teeth ache, but I would have attempted the Mississippi before going back.

Off came my pack and my clothes, which were loaded on my shoulders. I gasped as I stepped into the stream. The water reached my knees, then my hips, then my mid region. It rose chest high and to my arm pits. As I wobbled uncertainly in midstream, a piece of soggy snow floated past. I grasped the far pier and pulled myself out. I had thought the water cold, but as I crawled up the bank, a frigid wind hit me as it swept up the canyon, and I tried to keep from howling.

I pulled on my clothes over a numbed body and set off at a brisk step down the canyon. In no time, the exercise had banished the chill. Even the wind and

gray, lowering skies could not keep my spirits down. I had had an adventure and accomplished a feat. Behind me, Gunsight Pass and the magnificent expanse of the Blackfoot Glacier loomed in the sky. All around me the forests sprang up, and there was a lush growth of wild parsnip, fern and columbine. Ahead rose the tremendous rock spires that encircle Saint Mary's Lake.

The days I spent exploring the Saint Mary and Many Glacier regions were full of fine experiences, but they are not part of this story. The time came to set out on my return to Lake McDonald by way of Swiftcurrent Pass. I made sure of the route this time by consulting the ranger at Many Glacier.

"The pass is open," he told me. "You will hit snow, but parties have been through and have opened the trail."

He was curious as to how I had come over.

"Gunsight is still closed," he objected when I told him.

"So I found out," I assured him, "but there are skid marks through it now, and I made them."

A few big clouds floated in the sky as I started up the Swiftcurrent trail, but the day was mild and promising. The path led to the head of the canyon and then zig-zagged up fine precipice into the heart of the mountains. Swiftcurrent Glacier peered over a rocky ledge to the south. Northward, the clouds were massing, but I felt no concern. When I met the snow, I proceeded to don two new barley sacks I had borrowed from the cook at the restaurant, convinced there was no better mountaineering equipment. Then I trudged over the long white stretches toward the crest, so different in appearance from the narrow notch that was Gunsight Pass. Horses had broken trail, and the way was plain.

The wind blew furiously from behind in the pass, and it swept me along as I descended toward Granite Park Chalet. The hotel was closed, but one caretaker had been left to guard the supplies after an

unsuccessful attempt to open for the season. After visiting with him for a time, I set off for the lowlands. The wind had risen sharply, bringing dark clouds from the north; but it was not many miles down and I paid no heed. The trail was not broken beyond the chalet. The caretaker pointed out one direction to me, and my map showed another. Uncertain, I chose a middle course and went slithering down the mountainside, hoping for a landmark to clear up my dilemma.

As I roamed around, trying to get my bearings, the first fine windblown snowflakes began to fall. I enjoyed this for a while. A snowfall in July was a new experience. But the stinging wind promptly changed my mind, and I looked for shelter. A clump of firs was at hand, and into this I crept, certain the storm would soon be over. How little I knew about Rocky Mountain weather. The flakes thickened to a blizzard. They changed to a coarse popcorn snow which sifted through the branches and poured over me like water. The trees offered no shelter at all.

I decided to make for the chalet, and started back up the steep slope. This time I faced the wind, which cut like a knife. The steely snow kept up a steady blast in my face until I could barely see. I was sure the chalet was less than a mile away, but nowhere could I discover it. This was exhausting. The whole trip over the mountains had not tired me like twenty minutes of struggling up a blind slope in the face of this blizzard. I began to wonder what would happen if the chalet wasn't where I thought it was.

After endless climbing I saw the dark shape of the building looming out of the snow. I was numb and completely breathless when I staggered onto the porch. Beating off an inch of snow, I went inside to find my host curled up by the stove.

"I wondered if you would be back," he remarked, looking up from his book.

"I guess I'll have to wait a bit," I said, "if you don't mind."

He didn't. He was a young fellow who had never been marooned in a mountain chalet before, and he found it lonely, especially at night when bears clawed at the windows.

"Do bears attack people?" he asked nervously, as we chatted by the fire.

All afternoon the snow came down like in January, and I gave up hope of getting out that day. After supper I had a nice bed close to the stove, but the chill of the blizzard crept in just the same. Then I thought of the long, lonely stretches over Gunsight, and wondered what would have happened if the storm had caught me there.

The next morning, I looked out on a cold, soggy world, still shrouded in clouds. The middle of July, and I shoveled snow into a kettle from a six-foot drift to be melted for water. After breakfast there appeared to be some lifting of the clouds, so I set off once more. This time I decided to follow the telephone line, but it seemed to veer off in the wrong direction. I left it and headed out on my own. Luckily the weather held. In an hour the snow began to disappear. The sun broke out, gilding acres of yellow glacier lilies around my feet. There was still no trail, and I spent a discouraging two hours climbing and jumping fallen logs in a burned-over forest. Rounding a hill, I came suddenly upon the highway curving down the floor of the valley, and my adventure was ended.

I had crossed the snowy Rockies with the aid of two lowly barley sacks and some good fortune. Now I paused a minute to look back over the way I had come. Winter—snow—icy winds? They seemed merely a dream. The sun shone out of the softest blue sky I had ever seen. The lilies bloomed riotously in the warm woods, and the only hint of the winter world I had left was the distant white band which circled the massive peaks high above. It was pure summer in one of the matchless mountain wildernesses of the world. I wiped the sweat from my face as I stepped down the forested canyon toward Lake McDonald.

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